JOHN BULL, [illegible] 1972

JOHN BULL

3D

VOL. LXXV. 1972

HAVE WE LOST OUR AIM?

by the EDITOR

UNITE OR PERISH!

Says SNOOPER

ZERO HOUR

By A.G.G.

Cadbury Quality—and no points

Look lovelier—feel fresher

Deep-cleansing lather—that gives you personal freshness. Superior mildness—that guards the complexion. ★

★ There's a special ingredient in Lifebuoy Toilet Soap that makes it extra mild and gentle in action

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

[illegible]—1 coupon

LBT 599-69G-68

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

100 MEN . . . and a girl

Morning break . . . a few minutes off duty . . . a precious interlude. A hundred men sprint from the parade ground, all eager to head the inevitable queue at the Naafi counter. A hundred men . . . and possibly only one Naafi girl to fill the cups and pass the cakes and take the coppers. • Queueing at Naafi—it's a new army custom and nobody likes it. Soldiers say: "Is our queueing really necessary?" Unfortunately, it is—one more irritation of war. Housewives, bus and train travellers and office workers all have to stand in queues. Too often a canteen, built to accommodate a few hundred men, is being strained to meet the needs of thousands. Naafi must operate in premises placed at its disposal by the Service authorities and extensions or new canteens cannot be realised while labour and materials are required for more urgent military works. • But canteen queues can be shortened and Naafi service quickened—with extra staff, which is one more reason why Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes needs managereses, cooks and counter assistants.* Apply to your local Employment Exchange.

* *This does not apply to single women (or widows) born in the years 1918-1929.*

The need for NAAFI is greater than ever

'CAMP' COFFEE

Still of pre-war Strength

FOOD FACTS

Spring Scrapbook

Grow your own flavouring

Fresh green herbs add zest to salads, savoury and sweet dishes. Why not grow your own in a corner of the garden, in a sunny window box or a pan of pots. Now is the time for planting and here are the most useful herbs to grow: Parsley, mint, chives, sage, thyme, and marjoram. Others you might like to try are—summer savory, balm and sorrel. Parsley and chervil can be raised from seed. The rest of the herbs are best grown from a root given by a neighbour. Don't forget to dry some of your herb harvest for winter use. Just before they flower is the best time to gather herbs for drying. If you would like a copy of "Herbs in the Kitchen" send a postcard marked Leaflets to the Ministry of Food.

Rules for cooking green vegetables

Wash fresh green vegetables before cooking. Wash them thoroughly in cold salted water.

Cook them as quickly as possible. Unevenly enough water to prevent burning. A teaspoonful usually enough.

Bring water to the boil, put in shredded greens, put the lid on the pan and cook rapidly for 10 to 15 minutes. Give the pan a shake once or twice during that time. Serve at once.

Fool's Cresses!

Orange rind is rich in vitamin C

Use uncooked or cooked Don't grate the rind until you are ready to use it, and then serve in the way of the following ways:

1 Sprinkle on raw vegetable salads.
2 Mix with raw shredded vegetables for a quick dressing for sandwich fillings.
3 Sprinkle on stewed, fresh or dried fruit, milk puddings, custard and other hot sweet serving.
4 Mix with creamed margarine or butter to make a sweet sandwich filling or spread.
5 Sprinkle on potatoes for serving with roast veal.
6 Add to your pancake, biscuit or cake mixture just before cooking.

Look over your stores

When you spring-clean the store cupboard look over your stores. Examine dried peas and beans, and see that they are not keeping. Turn over dried fruits, especially sultanas and currants, so that the liquid does not collect there. Discard any tins which bulge or are rusted through. If jam is slightly rusty should the rust eats into it. Jam will keep for months in a dark cool place. If, in spite of all precautions, mould forms on the top of the jam, remove it carefully. The jam beneath will be wholesome.

LISTEN TO THE RADIO FOOD TALKS, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 191

Sustaining because it's made with chocolate for staying-power

Energising because it contains Glucose, to give quick energy

Nourishing because milk gives it extra nutrition

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. So here's hoping for quick victory—and plenty of Mars for everyone—everywhere.

OVERHEARD IN THE BUS

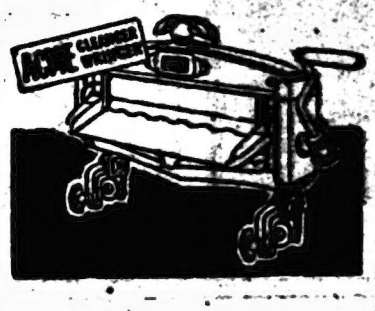
". . . . No, I simply borrow, quite shamelessly! You see I'm fortunate enough to have a neighbour with an ★Acme and I really don't know how we could have managed without it."

"Ah, I was lucky enough to get my Acme just before the war, and just in time for our evacuees. It's done a grand bit of war work, I can tell you . . ."

"They're so easy to handle, and don't your things come out crisp and clean!"

"That's why an Acme's definitely part of my post war planning—and I'm sure I'm not the only one! . . . . . "

★ *The Acme Cleaner Wringer (thanks to the Acme patented 'Gentlemen Pressure') squeezes out all the invisible dirt left in the rinsing water and therefore gives you a whiter wash; yet Acme's rubber rollers are safe for the most delicate fabric.*



HALIFAX

The World's Largest Building Society

INCREASED ASSETS

Extracts from the 91st Annual Report to be presented to the Shareholders at the Annual General Meeting at Halifax, on Monday, April 3rd, 1944.

TOTAL ASSETS	£129,229,049
SHARE & DEPOSIT FUNDS	£121,780,609
MORTGAGE ASSETS	£80,831,442
LIQUID ASSETS	
In Trustee Securities	£40,787,307
Cash at Banks and in hand	£6,985,079
RESERVE FUNDS and UNDIVIDED PROFITS	£6,381,751

Copy of Balance Sheet may be had on application.

General Manager: A. E. WESTBROOK HOWELL, LL.D.

HEAD OFFICE — HALIFAX

London Office: Halifax House, Strand, W.C.2 City: 62 Moorgate, E.C.2

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 1, 1944, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

I.L.O.

● Soft words and rosy pictures are not going to satisfy the ordinary men and women who are winning this war. They want plans, not promises, of that better world they have been promised.

JOHN BULL has said this often enough before. Yes, we know. But it has now been expressed in forceful language by a great organisation that exists to protect workers throughout the world.

"The world is weary of vague pledges of new orders. The public demand to-day is for concrete plans for human betterment"—thus says the draft prepared for the forthcoming Philadelphia conference of the International Labour Organisation.

It goes on to insist on three basic principles:

Labour is not a commodity,

Freedom of expression and of association is essential to progress, and

Poverty anywhere is a danger to prosperity everywhere.

Sensibly, this draft points out that we shall have unparalleled means of reconstruction after the war.

New inventions. New industries. And a production rate sufficient to provide every man, woman and child in the whole world with the goods they need.

So governments would be wise to listen to this year's I.L.O. conference. . . . They should get from it some useful hints.

Straight from the Shoulder

BATTLE LESSONS

TWO features of to-day's fighting will profoundly affect to-morrow's tactics.

So, if we are to invade Europe, we had better get them into correct perspective.

The first can be seen in Russia; the second, in Italy.

Rapier Thrusts

The Russian break-through to the Balkans is not being won by a solid battering-ram of men and steel, but by swift and powerful rapier thrusts.

There are not huge armies rolling ponderously forward. Instead, there are a great number of small groups using many types of weapons.

We successfully tried out this method in the desert. The Russians have developed it.

Flexible

There is close and constant liaison between the groups. But the organisation is flexible enough to take quick advantage of every opportunity.

The enemy rushes up men to "seal a breach" in his defences. At once another group makes a thrust somewhere else. Then another. And another.

Major Mystery

So the enemy's head begins to reel, and soon he is reeling backwards. Now, indeed, he seems to be losing his head completely.

He is facing disaster not only in the South but all along the front. He is seriously short of men. Yet he has kept a large force in the cut-off Crimea, thus inviting yet another Stalingrad.

Why, Hitler alone knows. Presumably he has again put "prestige" before military expediency!

Truth About Cassino

The second vital military fact, to turn on Italy, is that terrific air bombardment could not win Cassino outright.

There, in an equally small strip of country but of a very different nature, we repeated the mass bombing that ended the battle for Tunisia. And this time we did not succeed.

Alexander Confident

Stalemate will not ensue. General Alexander remains confident. Better weather should enable him to inflict very serious wounds on the many German divisions which confront him, even though the exit from Cassino and the entrance to the Anzio beach-head have probably been heavily mined.

What It Means

The moral to be drawn from Cassino is not that air power has been overrated. Quite the contrary. It is simply that, as JOHN BULL warned long ago, even supremacy in the air cannot make the soldier's task easy.

The rubble of Cassino's ruins held up our tanks. What, then, if we bomb the concrete defences in Western Europe to rubble? Though Italy cannot be compared to Russia, we must bear in mind the lessons of both when we invade.

Peak Effort

Our bombing is plainly mounting to its peak. Already the strength of the day and night Allied attacks is so great as to be almost incredible—and would have been really incredible when Hitler sought to subdue these islands.

But even now the maximum has not been reached. Its relation to impending military operations must be obvious to all.

Quick Service

The enemy evidently expects us to land troops by parachute and glider on a big scale. No doubt his anticipations will be heightened by news that we have flown tanks and other heavy equipment behind the Japanese lines.

"It's quicker by 'plane" would be a good slogan for modern warfare.

Puzzling

But the *Luftwaffe* raids on Britain are puzzling our commanders—just because they are so purposeless.

However, if the enemy is content to incur losses in attacking at random, Britain will continue to grin and bear it.

Ordeal to Come

That far heavier attacks will be made on this country is a clear certainty. The British people have no illusions; nor will they fail to respond to the Prime Minister's broadcast.

They can be assured that not only will our invasion effort be on the greatest possible scale, but that home defence has been carefully studied.

"MY WIFE AND I ARE VERY GRATEFUL"—

writes Mr. A. J. Relf, of Eastbourne, in acknowledging cheque paid under our Free Insurance to replace goods lost when a fire broke out at his home.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits, including protection for readers' furniture and personal effects against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc., in addition to FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE, underwritten at Lloyd's.

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Invitation to Us

And there is every inducement for us to invade the Balkans as well as Western Europe.

The German march-in has provided a further example of speed and vigour; it is also very much to our advantage. For the enemy can ill-afford divisions to police Hungary and Rumania, and the troops of those countries will no longer be willing to fight his battles.

Halted

On his flank is Tito, who had broken his latest offensive even before he had to detach forces for Hungary. Behind his lines are the Polish guerillas, who are tying down some six S.S. divisions besides regular troops.

Ahead are the onrushing Russians, who will no doubt influence the position of Bulgaria.

Finland Now

In the same way, the U.S.A. may re-examine its attitude to Finland.

The Finns can make no claim to generosity. So far they have been treated both generously and patiently by Stalin. But someone should tell them that Hitler is not the only man whose patience can be exhausted.

Gloom Over Germany

Though the Germans continue to suffer disasters with remarkable patience, there is not much doubt that they are growing both strained and dejected.

In the bombed areas tuberculosis is increasing so virulently that a new organisation has been set up to fight the disease.

But depression does not imply an early collapse.

Serious

Even Germany's self-interested "ally" has become morose. Tojo himself describes the position in the Far East as "truly serious."

Island after island in the South-West Pacific is falling. The Chinese are battling indomitably on. And the Allies have thrust a good deal deeper into Burma than the Japanese have penetrated India.

Paving the Way

This operation is mainly British. Most of the troops are British. The commander is an energetic young British general.

But in the Pacific most of the forces engaged are American. When the size of their effort can be revealed it will command everyone's respect.

Time They Heard It

And when all the fighting is done, how will men be released from the Services?

It is time they were told; the Government should agree to a definite plan for demobilisation.

Hospitals in the Dark

On the new national health scheme, too, there is misgiving.

What will be the position of the voluntary hospitals? What basis will they have in future for appeals for public support? What inducement will there be for benefactors to assist their merciful and necessary work?

Such doubts will not be dispelled by official silence.

Housing

Next, there is the great housing problem. Following the recently announced scheme for permanent houses, a programme for prefabrication temporary houses is likely to be issued shortly.

Let us hope it will include safeguards against any ramp in plastic materials and fittings!

Power for Him

Again, it is whispered in Westminster that Mr. W. S. Morrison, Minister of Town and Country Planning, is at last likely to be given additional powers. But will this be worth a cheer?

Even the Minister of Town and Country Planning cannot start planning in earnest until the Cabinet decides what is to be the framework of a Better Britain.

The months lengthen into years, and still no decision is reached.

Big Three

Such a framework would obviously have to rest on foundations laid by the Big Three—the Beveridge, Uthwatt and Scott Reports.

Vested interests do not favour these proposals for reform. The Government, perhaps frightened of the vested interests, compromises by vague promises.

As the Archbishop of York bitterly observed last week: "It was jam yesterday, jam to-morrow, but never jam to-day." But the Government *and* vested interests would be wise to re-read his warning of what might happen if the public becomes indignant when peace has been won.

(Continued overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THE seamy side of sub-letting has been suffering from exposure. And JOHN BULL, which has been plugging away at housing injustices for years, is more than pleased.

Double Charge

Mrs. Sarah Bickler, of Lovell Terrace, Leeds, was fined £20 last week for charging extortionate rents for four furnished flats in what a valuer described as a slum district.

But Mrs. Bickler, who was said to be in humble circumstances herself, does not seem to have been a bad offender—compared with some of the landlords reported to us lately. She was alleged, among other things, to have charged 10s. for a basement room valued at 5s. 3d.

Rents Cut

Many worse cases came out before the Tribunal which has been sitting in Glasgow. Out of 103 cases heard, rental cuts were ordered in 73.

Some cuts were only slight, but it looked as if more than half the sublettings in the city might be on extortionate terms.

The Tribunal examined the case of a mother and son who own ten houses—the homes of more than 200 parents and children.

Good Return

It came out that the mother and son collected £2,265 4s. 6d. a year in rents. This was cut down to just over £1,870. Questioned about one of her houses, the mother said it brought in £260; she bought it six years ago for £50.

Not bad going.

Now—or Never

Back to Yorkshire for a moment—and a complaint that's getting commoner every day. The complaint that far too many houses are kept empty for possible bomb victims while people are clamouring for somewhere to live.

A reader in Bradford says he's had his name down for a council house for six months (not a long time judged by many experiences). But he can't rent one.

Got to Decide

And another reader a few miles away—in Leeds again—thinks there must be three or four hundred corporation houses kept for the bombed-out.

It's a ticklish job deciding whether houses should be released to help the present dearth, or whether they should be kept for possible emergencies. We think the present should win.

Tried to Return

Once again last week, while the coal position was so much in the news, we got a batch of letters from miners and ex-miners who put points of view that seldom get into print.

An ex-miner with seven years' underground experience has been in the Army three and a half years. He's tried dozens of times to get back to the pit.

"Pushed About"

He's probably exaggerating a little when he says that ever since he joined up "he has been pushed about on fatigues in the Royal Corps of Signals."

But he obviously feels he could be serving the country very much better at the coal face. Now, when he sees Mr. Bevin's boys sent to learn the job he knows so well, he has been posted to the North for infantry training—to start soldiering all over again.

Risked Court-Martial

Another reader's case we cannot comment on because he is due for court-martial on a charge of absenting himself. He says he went back to the pit because he was fed up with wasting his time. His employers and union had tried in vain to get his Army release.

Saw His Chance

One more report from a reader... He's a Royal Artilleryman who's been on compassionate leave for nine weeks because of his wife's ill-health and the fact that she cannot look after their three young children. It is the fourth compassionate leave he's had since joining up.

When orders came out asking for men with experience in the pits our correspondent thought he saw a solution.

Manager Delighted

Because of his family, it was difficult for him to be a good soldier. But there was nothing to prevent his being a first-class miner. He had done the job for ten years before the war.

On one of his leaves he went to work at a Bacup colliery, and found he'd not lost his skill. The manager was delighted. But the Army would not let him go.

The Other Sort

And so, he says, he is back on map-reading, lectures and general knowledge instruction.

But—a word on the other side. There are plenty of men in the Forces who go in for special pleading because they feel they ought to be back in civilian life. JOHN BULL wants nothing to do with them. We pick out only the cases where there's a sincere desire to serve the country best.

"We're Suited"

Which reminds us of a hideously selfish remark from a Lincolnshire farmer's wife last week. She hoped the war would last another two years, as it suited them all right.

That evening the bombers were over London. Men, women and children were killed and mutilated.

Another two years of that, madam?

Wanted—

Let's just return for a moment to the "square pegs" in the Army. There seems a definite case for an inquiry into the position of trained lorry-drivers.

Many of them who have done the job for years in ordinary life are not allowed to drive in the Army owing to some minor physical disability. It did not prevent them from earning a pre-war living.

—Or Not?

Often they have joined up specially as drivers and then been down-graded.

It all seems wrong when the Ministry of Labour is launching big appeals for heavy vehicle drivers "to prepare for the coming offensive."

Direction

The Ministry of Labour is going to have more and more trouble over its arbitrary methods of "direction."

When a man is called up, he expects to lose money. He also expects to be freed from many of the financial obligations of civilian life. But a man who is dragged out of one civilian job and thrust into another has some right to complain over important differences in pay.

And Loss

A man called on us the other day to explain that he had been ordered to leave the War Reserve Police (in which he's served for three years) and that he was directed to a job with a firm of carriers. He was to become a goods checker and loader at a wage of 73s. 6d. a week—a serious loss to him.

He had been offered a job as decoding clerk with the Ministry of War Transport, but the Ministry of Labour would not let him take it.

Pulling Together

With all the petty injustices meted out by the bureaucrats it's nice for a change to turn to a real example of "pulling together" in war time.

Rivet boys on Clydeside recently asked for an extra shilling a day because they had to work in confined and dangerous spaces at the shipyards. The employers said they would pay an extra sixpence. Which wasn't considered good enough.

Work Went On

A stoppage seemed likely—and with it a hold-up in war production.

Then the men—the riveters themselves—stepped in. They offered to pay the boys 3d. a day out of their own pockets in order to keep the job going.

And the job *was* kept going. A JOHN BULL man who "covered" the whole story says it is not the first time Clydeside workers have put the war first at all costs. And he adds—quite rightly—that this sort of patriotism seldom gets publicity: it's the strikes that get into the headlines.

Brains Trust

The Hesketh Bank, Tarleton and District Branch of the N.F.U., in co-operation with the Lancashire War Agricultural Committee, recently invited peo to a "Horticultural Brains Trust" at local hotel.

"*You are allowed to use your car attend this meeting if there is no oth means of transport available*," it said the invitation card.

Several people took advantage of t permission, driving from quite near the hotel. It annoyed a reader who h two sons in the Merchant Navy. One the sons has lost two ships in the l seven months.

Give and Take

Lost in a laundry during a recent m in the London area:

Two towels.....four coupon
Three shirts....twenty-one coupon
Six collars.....six coupon

Issued by the Board of Trade for placement purposes, eight coupons. T Board also offered their regret th "they had no authority to issue coupo in respect of towels."

There's something illogical there.

Breeding Offenders

Presumably, there's a special Gover ment Order covering towels. Ther a Government Order covering m things these days.

A Southend solicitor was saying o the other day that about 10,000 Ord have been issued since the war beg an average of six a day. Which is too much of a good thing and "Pallas" says on another page th week, the way to breed offenders.

Pointed Pen—

Every week for years you have seen Kem cartoon in JOHN BULL. So y know how sharply pointed his pen c be,—and you'll remember how shrew he stabbed fun at Hitler and Co. e before the war.

What you may not know is that dur the war his political cartoons—he h done 3,000 in four years—have thro large-sized spanners into Dr. Goeb lie machine all over the world.

—Goes Into Attack

All of which leads us to the good n that a selection of the best of K drawings has been made. And so, you appreciate powerful drawing, bi wit and boisterous fun, you'll not w long before buying "Lines of Attac (Alliance Press, 2s. 6d.).

THIS IS

The head of the A.T.S. visited a camp in the Midlands the other day. The night shift girls, after working from 9.15 p.m. till 7 a.m. were ordered, on going to bed, not to use face cream, though a little make-up was all right.

THE ARMY

Hair curlers were banned; clean pyjamas had to be worn, and the bedclothes had to be kept level with the girls' shoulders.

Well, well. Discipline is discipline. But the last instruction must have been difficult to take lying down. The girls were told all to face the same way as they went to sleep.

MISS JONES

BEHIND THE NEWS

- **A year ago, on the convoy route to Russia, 12 ships in every hundred were lost. Now the rate is down to one!**
- *Latest flash bomb, by which the R.A.F. photographs its night targets, has a peak intensity of 170 million candlepower!*
- The news that our Mosquitos can carry a 4,000-lb. bomb means they have a more effective and heavier bomb load than the Flying Fortress.
- **Over 200,000 workers are missing from Berlin factories. Most of them have used the general confusion to violate labour laws and move south.**
- *Fear of three-pronged raids mounts in Germany as Russia acquires air bases nearer Germany; reports of co-ordinated Russo-Anglo-American air strategy is haunting German people.*
- Home item.... Startling allegations against a South Country clergyman are being investigated. Every sign that the papers will soon be full of Consistory Court proceedings.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

HAVE WE LOST OUR AIM?

WE ought, in the fifth year of the war, to know where we are going. But do we? A brief discussion which arose in the House last week makes us nder.

The Prime Minister was asked by Mr. Lipson a clarifying statement "as to what territories principles of the Atlantic Charter are to ly." He did not give it.

While admitting that "as the changing ses of the war succeed one another, some fur- clarification will be required," he went on to that "this must be a subject for renewed sultation between the principal Allies."

In other words, war aims and peace aims are he melting-pot again. Which seems a pity. y should have been clarified long ago. JOHN L has urged our Government repeatedly to the lead in this respect.

No one will deny that war's phases change tly; no one will deny that new circumstances e; that new problems present themselves. Therefore, the plea that renewed consulta- is desirable between the Allies is understand- e.

Ways and means may have to be modified to t these constantly changing problems. But ls and principles should remain steadfast. Now there are doubts whether the United ions mean to stand fully by the principles of Charter.

And so JOHN BULL puts this question to our Government and to the leaders of all the peoples:

What ARE we fighting for?

Failing a clear statement suspicion is bound row that the leaders of the United Nations contemplating a return to the old system of r politics—with all its dangerous haggling frontiers and its perpetuation of national ousies.

And our potential friends among the enemy lose all inducement to get out of the war as tly as possible.

Therefore, we are entitled to demand an in- retation of the Atlantic Charter in the light resent events. We have the right to ask:

What does it MEAN?

For a long while now—indeed, even before Churchill-Roosevelt statement of general ciples was endorsed by all the United Nations N BULL has been stressing the need for a t and far more precise declaration of policy.

E war has ravaged half the world. Its tragic effects have been felt in every quarter of the globe. The universal wish of ordinary men women is to end this catastrophe and pre- another.

Mr. Cordell Hull, U.S. Secretary of State, has dy been moved to attempt a plainer defini- of his own country's post-war foreign policy. All thoughtful people will endorse the ideals ets forth—that there should be co-operation een nations in the spirit of good neighbours; excessive trade barriers must be reduced; national currencies must be more readily angeable; that each nation should be free to de its own form of government, and be free outside interference in its internal affairs. But he sees the Atlantic Charter only as *part* system which will give every nation, large small, a greater assurance of stable peace, ter opportunity for the realisation of its rations of freedom, and greater facilities for erial advancement.

However, these are just his personal views. What the World wants to know is *how* the ed Nations intend to secure the freedom want and fear for which they claim to be ting.

JOHN BULL is not dogmatic about ways and means. We do not suggest that there should be a return to the pre-war map of Europe; on the contrary, it is obvious that there will have to be certain adjustments.

But we once shared the general belief that the Atlantic Charter meant what it said; that it would give economic security to *all* peoples; and that, although enemy countries would have to be disarmed and policed, "there would be no territorial changes which did not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned."

Mr. Churchill has shaken this belief by his disclosure that he agreed with Marshal Stalin at Teheran that Poland would have to obtain "compensation" at Germany's expense for the cession of certain territories to Russia.

That she should do so may be both expedient and just, but who can tell what other "compensations" might be agreed upon of doubtful expedience and more than doubtful justice?

Other events this year have emphasised the lack of political unity among the United Nations. A common military strategy was agreed upon at Teheran, and its results already speak for themselves.

But there seems—as Hannen Swaffer argues so forcefully on another page—to be no common design in foreign affairs.

In short, the British public and the outside world are puzzled to know just where their leaders stand.

Even more important than any questions of political frontiers and alignments are the economic ones.

"The common man"—whose "Century" this war is supposed to inaugurate—is desperately anxious that the Allies should agree upon a common policy for international transport and international control of currency, customs, food supplies, and transport.

The decisions of the Hot Springs Conference pointed the way to a sane, agricultural world-policy designed to supply food for all. And U.N.R.R.A. could, no doubt, be developed into a permanent commission when its transition work has been done.

But how are all these vague hopes to be fulfilled? How are emergency plans to be fitted into a fixed design for world peace and security?

What should be done NOW?

As we pointed out last week, Great Britain has a special responsibility and a special opportunity at this crucial stage in world affairs.

Europe looks to this country, which stood alone against aggression when civilisation was tottering to destruction, to give a lead to its great Allies.

Plainly, this lead can be set only if our Government comes into the open about the Atlantic Charter and our own aims for peace.

The outcome of the war in the field is no longer in doubt. Already the might of Nazi Germany is strained to its utmost limits.

However long or short the present phase may be, we have clearly reached "the beginning of the end." And peace may come upon us as suddenly as war.

IT would be idle to pretend that the United Nations are prepared for such a glorious "emergency."

Humanity needs a better guarantee for the future after this war than it was given after the last one. No one man's word will suffice as the foundation for a new world order.

Fear and want cannot be abolished except by the concerted action of the United Nations. And to secure that action they must be prepared to issue a unanimous statement of common policy, couched in plain language that plain men and women everywhere can understand.

Let Great Britain give them the lead!

The Admiral's Sorry Silver Jubilee

OF all the Axis satellites, Hungary is the last which Hitler could afford to let slip out of the war.

The loss of Hungary would be fatal, because it would automatically entail the loss of the whole Balkans, including Rumania.

And without the oilfields of Ploesti the German army, navy and air force could not carry on for more than a few months.

So Hitler's ruthless action in Hungary was logical; I doubt whether Horthy and his Ministers were really surprised.

What else could they expect from Hitler? Whoever chooses to become the junior partner of a gangster must be aware of the risks.

That is the point: All the Governments which threw in their lot with Hitler on the eve of his attack on Russia were not thinking in terms of risks, but only of booty.

★ ★ ★

It never occurred to them before Stalingrad that the time might come when victorious Red armies would press the "invincible" *Wehrmacht* back to the Carpathians.

So Hungary's plight deserves little sympathy. Indeed, too much sympathy was spent on her between the two wars, especially by some powerful circles in many democratic countries.

It is true that she was treated too harshly in 1919, and that the authors of the Treaty of Trianon made avoidable mistakes when they satisfied the territorial claims of her neighbours without trying to discover the will of the peoples concerned.

★ ★ ★

But it is also true that Hungary was the first anti-democratic and trouble-making State in Europe after the last war.

Democracy was crushed in Hungary as far back as the early summer of 1919, more than three years before it was abolished in Italy by Mussolini.

Thus, in a few months Admiral Horthy—the Admiral without a Fleet and even a coast—would have celebrated his Silver Jubilee as "Regent" of Hungary.

It was there that the excuse of building up a bulwark against Bolshevism was used for the first time to set up a feudal, militarist and anti-democratic régime.

And this was the real motive behind the sympathy lavished on Hungary by other countries—not for the Hungarian people, but for their ruling clique.

Budapest, long before Rome, became a centre of European reaction.

It was Horthy's Hungary that became the first diplomatic friend of Fascist Italy.

But let us admit that Hungary's reactionary régime of Danubian Junkers always tried—apart from an initial period in which gangsterism was let loose against the militant Left—to avoid the worst forms and methods of Fascism.

It was run by aristocratic landowners who were mainly anxious to protect their large estates against overdue reform, but who hoped as well to save civilisation by making some outward concessions to democratic demands.

A very mild opposition of Liberals and even Socialists was tolerated, and recently almost encouraged, so as to make a better impression in London and Washington while the tide of military events was turning.

Parliament was not completely abolished, and recently revived, for the same purpose.

★ ★ ★

Anti-Jewish measures were introduced to please Hitler, but they were never ruthlessly applied. In deed, Hungary was the last Axis country where the very large Jewish community was comparatively safe.

But all the entries on Horthy's credit side do not alter the fact that he is one of the guilty men of Europe. He and the class which supported him for twenty-five years have got what they well deserved.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

OPEN LETTERS

Many happy returns to Sir Charles Portal

Sir CHARLES PORTAL,
Chief of Air Staff, R.A.F.

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—Twenty-six years ago—on April 1, 1918—the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service were merged and the Royal Air Force was born.

Tattered and faded documents reporting R.F.C. activities in the last war are still treasured at the Air Ministry.

Among them is one scrawled out by a Lieutenant Portal, a young Engineers' officer attached to the R.F.C. It gave details of a combat with two enemy 'planes.

Do you remember that day when you flew as air observer and do you recall those light wooden biplane fighters which wrested air supremacy from the Germans in the skies of Western Europe?

To-day our fighter 'planes streak through the air at more than seven miles a minute; more than three times the speed of the fighters of 1918. Fire power has been multipled fourteen times.

When the Armistice was signed in 1918 the R.A.F. was the world's most powerful air arm.

To-day it is many times mightier. Its history is in a way the history of the world. For, three and a half years ago, it saved the world.

Its wings cast the shadows of German defeat, and its guns and bombs pave the way for the liberation of a Europe held in Nazi bondage.

Its men are the cream of our country. Its tenacity, its unfailing courage, its steadfast faith in its ultimate triumph are some of the sheet-anchors which kept the nation indomitable and unfaltering in dark, desperate days.

The R.A.F. has seen many changes since that historic April 1, twenty-six years ago. In only one sense is it unchanged. The spirit of the pilots is the same.

The men who brave the perils of the air to-day are worthy successors to the young pilots of 1918—those jaunty lads who took up the cumbersome crazy crates over the Western Front.

In saluting you, Sir Charles, I salute humbly, proudly, thankfully every member of the R.A.F. from yourself down to the most junior AC2.—JOHN BULL.

P.S.—Dare we hope that the R.A.F.'s next birthday greetings will be extended in happier times?

Group Captain F. McINTYRE,
Managing Director, Scottish Aviation, Ltd.

DEAR GROUP CAPTAIN,—There may be people who look forward with pleasure to the prospect of week-end visits to New York ten years after the war at a cost of £12 10s. for the return trip.

And there may also be people who relish the coming adventure—if Vichy reports are true—of travelling by rail at a speed of 300 m.p.h.

There may be. I doubt it.

The fetish of speed has been already overdone. Man is bustled and jogged and hurried.

For years now he has endured the tempo of high-speed war. He is weary of speed. He is beginning to realise the virtue of that leisure and peace which were so much discounted before the war.

I feel that Mr. Blank, when peace comes, will find a deck-chair and a stretch of sand more comforting than week-end dashes to New York.—JOHN BULL.

Most Rev. CYRIL GARBETT,
Archbishop of York

DEAR DR. GARBETT,—I envy you your trip this month to the U.S.A.

I envy anyone who is given the opportunity of studying at first hand the virile American nation and that incredible land of industrial resource and power.

It may sound presumptuous on my part to offer advice. But I do trust that you will remember that your high position in the Church ranks your visit almost as an ambassadorial one, and that every word you utter will be studied.

There are still Americans highly critical and deeply suspicious of all things British. Those are the Americans you must try to win over.

Your enlightened views on social reform, your vision in matters affecting the family life of Britain, and your active interest in the welfare of the many, fit you admirably for the task of giving to America a clearly etched picture of what Bill Smith and Liza Brown are thinking and doing in this country.

The average American, like the average Briton, wants a world free from discord and fear.

In the unity between the two lies the hope of mankind's future.

That is the lesson all of us must preach and fight for. And I know of no one better able to put over the need for that lesson than yourself.

A pleasant journey and a safe return.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

For Sinners Only—That's You

I COMMEND to all smug, self-righteous people who so readily sit in judgment on their fellows the words of that eminent jurist Viscount Caldecote.

Referring to offenders against war time regulations, he said: "I dare say a great many of us would say that there, but for the grace of God, go we, whether it be the sharing of a pound of butter with a neighbour or a share of eggs without the surrendering of the appropriate pieces of paper."

Regulations and restrictions breed offenders. The more the State interferes with our mode of living, the more tempted we are to resent and minimise that interference.

I doubt whether there is a man or woman in this country who can say truthfully that since the war began he or she has not infringed some regulation or broken some law.

A woman I know broke the law the other day.

She gave to a niece of hers two ounces of butter which she had saved from her meagre ration. This in the eyes of the Food Ministry is a grievous offence. Your rations are not your rations when the question of their use or disposal arises.

★ ★ ★

You may eat your butter. You may use your weekly ration making one luxury cake—if you had a couple of shell eggs and some raisins. But you must not waste it, and you must not give it away or sell it.

Lord Addison, that highly respectable member of the House of Lords, has confessed to the crime of giving away pieces of pork to his family.

The fact that he was entitled to the pork, which came from a pig reared on his estate, is neither here nor there. In effect, the law said that the pork was his—and his only. He could not give it away.

★ ★ ★

Carrying that incredibly stupid regulation to a logical conclusion, I should rule that any man entitled to some home-bred pork is not at liberty to give it to his wife; and that members of the family, by eating the meat, are guilty of the offence of "receiving."

There's nothing to be done about it. The law is the law, and we can't amend it. But, alas, we can ignore it, circumvent it, and sometimes deliberately break it.

None of us is guiltless.

In days like these, when crime rages unchecked on the most appalling scale in history—crime which holds whole nations to ransom—we might be forgiven for those trivial technical misdemeanours which the law says are crimes.

Ignorance is no excuse.

But because of ignorance many of us are blissfully unaware of wrongdoing. Which proves that there is a certain comfort in the knowledge that our knowledge is not so extensive as the law says it should be.

But I expect most of us will avoid spending a few days in prison—although we probably deserve it!

Alderman E. G. GOOCH,
President, Union of Agricultural Wor

DEAR ALDERMAN,—The beautiful E lish countryside does not seem so bea ful when the evils beneath the surf loveliness are revealed.

Your recent condemnation of r slums revives once again the sham way in which farm workers have b neglected.

Many of their homes are "hot-bed insanitation." In some cases umbr have to be put up over beds when rain comes in through leaking roofs, others rats scampering across floors b children awake.

I have just read of a village in wh nearly half the population of 400 liv houses condemned long ago.

The agricultural worker is no fool. is praised for his wonderful effort building up home food production—b is refused a well-merited increase wages.

He is housed in many cases worse t the horses he tends—and sees no attempt to remedy the state of affair

He's growing tired of the praise of the pats on the back. He wants a real appreciation of his worth. generations he has been trodden despised and exploited. Now he's ginning to think. And the thoughts not pleasant ones.

We hear a lot about better milk f contented cows.

It's time we began to talk about be homes for contented land worker JOHN BULL.

Miss PATRICIA NOBLE,
Condor Road, Southampton

DEAR MADAM,—That was a dear b you bought your daughter in a pu house the other day. Because she seventeen you were fined £2.

I sympathise with you; and I can tainly understand your indigna when you declared: "Apparently daughter is old enough to turn out five o'clock each morning and do man's job, but not old enough to a light ale with her mother."

But you must realise that the law not framed to prevent a mother daughter having a drink together. was introduced to protect the daugh who do not go about with their moth

And if you travel around as I do will appreciate just how essential check on errant girls is to-day.

Between pub. and pitfall is not a g distance, and if the few like you to suffer, then you must do so in knowledge that the law must safegu those girls who are free of dom control.—JOHN BULL.

Miss DOREEN PENNOCK,
Cartlands Terrace, Lower Wortley, L

DEAR DOREEN,—The honour of the first girl van driver to respon the national appeal for Second F drivers may not be yours, but you're tainly high up the list. "A grand of helping the war," you say.

I agree. When you get going and realise that the final assault on Hi Fortress Europe has also got going, will feel that you're doing a job w while. So will your five girl pals whom you volunteered.

The Second Front will be the Front. And you girls who keep this of supply going behind the front w doing as vital a job as any man w Sten or a Bren. Good luck.—J BULL.

While the Seas Endure—4

By FRANK S. STUART

★ German and Japanese dive-bombers dearly love one target—a plainly marked red cross. Sometimes their barbarous missions fall short of complete success . . . . :

Brilliant with lights, the hospital ship should be immune from all attacks

Sitting Birds—For Stukas

OFF the Italian invasion-coast, separated from the busy swarm of transports and warships, patrol-boats and tank-landing craft, lay a hospital ship with a graceful white-painted hull marked with huge red crosses on both sides, on the funnels and on the decks.

Wounded men filled some five hundred beds. The "walking cases" moved round helping the surgeons, doctors and dental officer. Fifty or sixty orderlies worked silently and swiftly.

Between the beds moved about a dozen women nurses.

Behind a screen, a chaplain knelt at the bedside of a grey-faced soldier who whispered, wept, and let the burden of a black old sorrow slip from him as he heard the immortal words: "Come to Me, all that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

In the principal operating theatre, a young surgeon famous in Harley Street performed an intricate operation. His scalpel moved steadily within a hairs-breadth of a man's brain. . . .

And then wailing from the crowded ships further inshore came an air-raid warning.

The Stukas dived.

WOO-OOMP! WOO-OOO-OOMP!

The hospital ship rocked sickeningly.

In the operating theatre, the theatre sister glanced round sharply for a moment; but the surgeon, resting one hand on the table to steady himself, moved his other hand delicately and firmly like a great artist adding an essential line to his masterpiece.

Three White Ships

No doubt about those explosions. The hospital ship was being deliberately dive-bombed. Maybe the goggled pilots above, ringed with stabbing flak, did not notice the red crosses in their excitement; maybe their bombs just went astray after being aimed at the ships nearer inshore.

But aboard the mercy ship, no one flinched, no one spoke of it; only the grey-haired lieutenant-colonel's lower lip protruded angrily, and the grey-haired Master shrugged and said: "Sorry to leave you, but I expect I'd better get up to the bridge," while seamen and orderlies quietly took up "Action" posts.

Two more bombs came down—near misses, that almost shook the guts out of the big ship. The attack was over and one Stuka lay flaming on the blue Italian sea.

An hour passed and then another. The chaplain was talking, now, to the Catholic padre on deck.

The dusk was falling.

Suddenly, the ship's engines began to murmur. Almost shocking in the secretive darkness that shrouded the rest of the shipping, the hospital ship's lights came full on, silently, and her lovely hull stood out fully illuminated, reflected in the water. Slowly, her head turned out to sea.

"We're going out for the night, then?" the padre said, and his stern face darkened a little. "That means they're deliberately gunning for us, I suppose."

The ship steamed about 45 miles out to sea. There, far from every military objective, she joined forces with two other hospital ships.

There was no sleep for the doctors and nurses.

They worked through the long night.

With the dawn, the enemy came back.

This time, there was no mistake in the German pilots' intention. There lay the three white ships ablaze with lights, isolated, their red crosses illumined.

Hurtling down, they came screaming. The black bombs dropped away and struck.

The hospital ship shuddered convulsively as one after another terrific explosions burst into her vitals, hurling up wood and steel and bits of nurses' uniforms and the broken bodies of wounded men.

Then with a conquering roar the fires came.

The Stukas wheeled and went safely away.

On the sea was desolation, coiling towers of smoke flame-tongued, and the unflinching and unsubdued courage of plain men.

The Master, big and steady on the bridge, gave orders to get the boats away. John Walker Wilson was his name; the name of a seaman without whose icy courage and rare ability several hundred men who walk the earth to-day would now be washing to and fro at the bottom of the Italian sea.

He held his crew steady, devised ways of fighting the fires, gave orders to dodge the withering wafts of flame and get the nurses and wounded down into the boats.

The bombs, with devilish particularity, had destroyed all the fire-fighting apparatus, and for a few moments the flames spread unchecked.

But not for long!

With mats, hatch-covers, even with buckets, they fought the fires.

Boats Away

Steadily men were carried up from the wards, the various operating theatres, the X-ray department, the dental department; nurses walked beside them, interposing a swift hand to shield them from being knocked or burned; smiling, steady.

As if at a parade, the passengers were got into the boats. In charge, Robert Walton, Second Officer, badly wounded, bleeding, one hand held to his side.

The flames seemed to lick round him, but somehow he kept those flames from the wounded and the nurses as the boats were got away; despite his pain and faintness, and the blistering, choking, overpressing heat, he managed to look jaunty, trim, and hard.

Presently the boats were moving swiftly away over a still, warm sea.

Behind them, the hospital ship flamed and roared, shooting off sudden bursts of sparks and débris and flame in great transcendent showers.

Abandoned? Never!

On deck, singed figures were moving as a team; seventeen volunteers, drilled by Skipper Wilson.

Help was coming to them, and they were trying to hold on so that the two snaky black ships, low in the water, racing in from the paling horizon, should have something left to save

The rescuers arrived.

Aboard them, sailors stripped to the waist were handling hoses.

Wounded Saved

Careless of the flames, the two small vessels ran close alongside, and bars of silver water solid as burnished metal were sent hissing and shouting into the red-hot heart of the mercy ship.

Aboard her, Wilson and his volunteers dodged the flames, yelled directions and fought like fiends

The sun rose.

The sky beyond the illimitable smoke-columns and drifts grew deepest blue. Hours passed

Still the dogged little naval launches fought the flames.

Still Wilson's men strove with blackened bodies and cracked lips, beating out each other's smouldering rags of clothes, fighting and fighting.

Bit by bit, the fires that had seemed invincible sputtered back.

And at last the most stubborn fire was out.

But only a dreadful ruin remained.

A charred stump of what had been a lovely, white, graceful thing: a blackened travesty of a ship with her smoking entrails gaping, her metal twisted, decks writhing, upperworks melted and jagged out of all recognisable shape

The launches stayed beside her. Indomitable, Captain Wilson spoke to them.

"We can take her into port—all I want is a tow," he said fiercely. "I tell you we can get her into port."

They tried. Arrangements were made to tow her in.

But the ship was too badly hurt. She could not live.

When, at last, British guns were turned on to her to sink her cleanly in a place where she would be no danger to other shipping, the skipper, still in his tattered and charred uniform, turned his face away.

On his blackened shoulder he felt a hard, sympathetic grip.

"You're not finished, Captain; you did all man could do, and more," said the chaplain quietly. "And—the wounded were saved!"

Taxis Flying Over Piccadilly?

LATEST weapon to be used on the side of the United Nations is the helicopter.

Ever since the last war, aircraft designers and manufacturers have sought for an aircraft capable of taking off and landing in the smallest possible space.

★ ★ ★

Many designs were drawn up and prototypes built—but there was always some thing wrong with the best of them.

Then Ivor Sikorski, one of America's leading aircraft designers, designed the right type of machine just when it was most needed. To-day, his helicopter is being produced in dozens of factories all over the United States.

The helicopter is a small cabin containing the engines and passenger space, which is rested upon either a well-sprung tricycle undercarriage or pair of floats. Indeed, one of the latest models possesses both, thus enabling it to work from water or land.

Above the cabin are the three or four rotating blades which provide the upward lift or downward descent of the machine

Details of its technical performances and its uses in air operations are at present withheld for security reasons.

But we do know it has been used for combating U-boats off the United States.

Much of the development of the helicopter has been due to one of Britain's Back Room Boys.

Dapper, unassuming Wing-Commander R. C. Brie, who lately returned to this country from the United States, is probably the most experienced helicopter pilot in the world.

He has flown all the available models. In one of them he managed to hover over one spot for minutes at a time

★ ★ ★

He has taken off and landed in amazingly small spaces, including the decks of moving ships, park ponds, gardens of houses and other queer spots.

And he has demonstrated to all the experts of America the practicability and safety of the machine which he has helped so much to pioneer.

Plainly, there will be a great future after the war for the helicopter. A machine which can land and take off in such small places will completely revolutionise travel when mass-produced for civilian needs.

It will become the air taxi of the future. After the hansom cab, the hackney carriage, and now comes the helicopter.

★ ★ ★

Its comparatively slow speed makes it a suitable machine to travel the short distances of five, ten, fifteen or twenty miles that separate the dormitory suburbs of London from the City or the West End.

In time, I think, it will oust the motor-car as a means of transport for people living a fair distance from their factories, shops or offices.

One might even take the idea farther. With more powerful engines and bigger cabins, helicopters could be used instead of 'buses over the suburban routes.

They would save time, lessen congestion on the roads, and probably be cheaper over the longer journeys I commend the idea to the London Transport Board.

EDGAR GRANVILLE, M.P.

This Is Zero Hour

Blasted Cassino blazes under Allied onslaughts

ZERO hour is on us. It may sound any day, any moment. It cannot be long delayed. As we await the stroke, let us survey the scene and consider the omens.

Leaving aside the Pacific phase of the war two facts dominate the military outlook.

First, of course, is the astounding onrush of the Russian avalanche. Its speed and momentum have left the world breathless, and the flight of the German Army is now bordering on a rout. If Kleist cannot deliver a counterstroke that will stabilise the line *somewhere*, the German Army in the East will be torn to fragments and the German strategy in the East be a scrap of paper.

The basis of that strategy is that Germany can hold the Russian attack cheaply at a given point, while she masses every man, gun and 'plane to crush the coming invasion in the West and win a victory with which she can bargain.

If she cannot hold the Russian front she loses on both fronts. And the impetus of the Russian attack suggests that it cannot be held.

Hitler has lost whole army corps, mountains of material, thousands of 'planes, and at the end the Russians have broken through almost to the gate of the Balkans.

The whole south-eastern elevation of Hitler's fortress is collapsing.

* * *

The second dominating fact is the terrific crescendo in the war on internal Germany from the West. On the eve of invasion German industrial power is being ground to dust.

The cumulative effect of this gigantic destruction upon Germany's power of resisting the imminent invasion cannot be measured like that of battles in the field, but it may well be even more ruinous in its consequences.

Add to this loss of the skies the final loss of the sea, signalised by the now irreparable defeat of the U-boat.

Add also what is happening in Italy. It is assumed in some ignorant quarters even here that the marvellous campaign that started at El Alamein has petered out before Rome.

That is completely to misapprehend the fact. It is true that we have suffered disappointment and delay. But why?

Putting aside the part played by the weather and the mountains, the reason is that Hitler has risked even the fatal weakening of his Russian front in order to block our path in Italy.

The motive for this is obvious. The thing he fears is the frontal attack from the West, and he believes that the more he can convert the struggle for Rome into a major theatre of the war the less punch we shall be able to put into the invasion.

He is, I think, mistaken. We have more balance in hand to play with than he has, and he will need in the West the resources he is using in the defence of Rome more than we shall need the forces we are using for the capture of Rome.

Turn from these large-scale aspects of the war on the eve of invasion to the factors behind the military scene. Wars are won on the home front as well as on the battlefield.

It has been Hitler's obsession throughout that the last war was lost on the German home front. If that was so, what are the omens to-day?

Ask yourself whether you would change places with the Germans now. Would the Russians change places? Would anybody in or out of the war in or out of his senses change places with them? The questions have only to be asked. They answer themselves.

Germany is defeated, and Germany knows she is defeated.

Goebbels' lying propaganda no longer conceals it. Dittmar's commentaries, read between the lines, proclaim it. The people whisper it from ear to ear. And Himmler's firing squads cannot suppress it. The terror without is matched by the terror within.

The Axis is gone. The idol is broken and dumb. "Heil Hitler" has ceased to be the watchword, and the crooked cross has become the symbol of defeat and doom.

"Encirclement," which was once the lie invented to justify Hitler's crime, has become a reality. Germany is encircled by enemies as no country has ever been encircled before. Enemies of her own making. Enemies she has wronged. Enemies thirsting for revenge.

Her ally has deserted her. Her satellites are only held by terror.

* * *

What in these circumstances is her policy? What is the hope to which she clings? There is no longer any pretence that victory is round the corner.

The main theme of her propaganda now is not the war.

The main theme is political. Study Goebbels' propaganda, or the broadcasts of Scharping, even the commentaries of

Exiled Czechs Plan The Future

IN a building in Knightsbridge you may see a young woman and a bearded man playing, it seems, with a toy house.

You are in the Czechoslovak Ministry of Works, and the professor, together with an English architect, has evolved a new building technique which he has presented to the Government.

His "toy" is a model prefabricated house, in which interlocking insulating panels slide and fit into a simple steel structure, wedge-like contrivances fitting snugly together by the force of gravity.

★ ★ ★

He is a member of the United Nations Committee which is considering the rehousing of Europe's scattered populations after the war. So his "game" is serious work; there won't be time to build ordinary houses for all who need them when the Germans have gone, and the components of this house can be mass-produced and assembled by unskilled labour in one day.

Now meet the officials in the Czech Ministry of Agriculture.

They watch the enemy Press and wireless to see what Czech farmers at home are asked to do. By underground means, and sometimes by direct broadcasts from the Czech Government radio in London, they tell the farmers how best to resist the Germans in their demands for food for the German army.

Mr. Nemec must produce order out of chaos

The exact situation of agriculture at home must be carefully studied and kept up to date. For when the day of victory comes, a plan to feed the undernourished population must be put into execution.

What fertilisers will be needed? How much? What seed crops have the Germans stolen, and will, therefore, be required? What farming implements and machinery? What is the livestock position?

Those are just a few of the problems facing the Minister, Ján Lichner, who directed underground activities against the Germans in Slovakia after the German occupation, and escaped in summer, 1940.

"My first job," he says, that the people have brea
In the Ministry of Jus carefully checked files answers to many question
Who perpetrated the m students at Prague Univ gave the terrible word village of Lidice? Wh shooting of innocent hos killing of Heydrich?
The Ministry of Social Czechoslovakia, one of portant of public admini
It administered a "Bev by which everyone was accident, sickness and ol
It encouraged sport an ture; its free sanatoria the best in the world.
Now it is preparing these social schemes. smashed and plundered b

★ ★

Jan Becko, whose task bring health and recr ravished country, was miners' trade union journ to England by way of before the outbreak of w
Nobody will envy Mr. F his job—but it has to be
As Minister of Econo

By A. G. Gardiner

Dittmar, and you will see that the last desperate hope to which they cling is not military victory but the political disruption of the Allies.

Moves are on the way, says Dittmar, "Not exclusively in strategy or in arms production," but concerned with the "awakening of the conscience of Europe."

And Goebbels explains the process of "awakening." It is chiefly directed at this country.

We have, it seems, two enemies. Germany? Oh, no. Sometimes it is America which is plotting our ruin, seizing our markets, subjugating our empire, putting us out of business.

Sometimes it is Russia which is demanding our "unconditional surrender to Bolshevism" and also scheming against us "just as in the time of the Romanoffs."

We are warned against her plots in the Mediterranean and her plan to cut us off from the East. She is after a naval base at Haifa. She is demanding a share of the Italian fleet. Watch her deal with Badoglio. And so on.

* * *

This is the strategy of the gangsters under the shadow of defeat. Let us beware of it. By the same strategy, "one by one," they nearly won the war and enslaved the world.

We must all heed the warning, Russia as much as ourselves, America as much as both of us. And all the Allies must heed it—France, Poland, Yugoslavia, and the rest.

WE HAVE ONE TASK, TO DESTROY THE ENEMY. WE HAVE ONE STRATEGY TO OBSERVE, ABSOLUTE UNITY TILL THAT TASK IS ACCOMPLISHED. LET THERE BE AN END OF THE LITTLE RIFTS THAT ARE SERVING THE ENEMY'S GAME.

WE ARE CLOSING IN FOR "THE KILL." LET ZERO HOUR FIND US INSPIRED BY ONE MIND, ONE PURPOSE, ONE LOYALTY TO OUR SACRED CAUSE.

e om London

ill be to see

you'll find at provide

acre of the ity? Who destroy the rdered the s after the

fare was, in most im-tions.

ge scheme" red against ge.

hysical cul-re amongst

reconstruct hich were e Germans.

may be to on to his tor of the and escaped and shortly

tisek Nemec e.

Reconstruc-

tion, he works with his experts for the day when the financial and industrial system of Czechoslovakia must produce order out of economic chaos.

They will find machinery stolen, factories destroyed, the trade unions disbanded and their funds misappropriated, and millions of almost valueless German currency in circulation—for the Germans like to give theft the semblance of legality by giving documents and German money in exchange for securities and articles of real value.

★ ★ ★

Then there is the Ministry of Education. And this not only plans for reconstruction but manages schools in Britain for the children of men in the Czechoslovak fighting forces.

Some of those children were dragged hurriedly from one country to another as their parents strove to find a country where they could continue their fight against the Germans.

Some are orphans. Many do not know where their parents are. Some do; for their fathers and mothers have been executed, or are in concentration camps.

So, amid the stress and hurry of war, the Government in exile carries on its duty to Czechs everywhere.

DENNIS BARDENS.

★ An underwater adventure of an Australian bank cashier turned Spitfire pilot reads like the saga of the Ancient Mariner; in this case the M.O. plays the part of the Wedding Guest . . .

Half-Way to Heaven

By B. L. JACOT

THIS is the story of a dream. It was dreamt by an R.A.F. fighter pilot—a beautiful dream, so he told me, of things which he cannot now remember, except that when he thinks of it he knows it was so rare and exquisite as to be beyond the grasp of ordinary mortals.

"It was webby," he says. "Like some sort of music you can only just hear in the distance. Like the fragrance of flowers. Like a dawn coming up on a day you know is going to be like no other day you have ever known."

The pilot found submarine scenery most attractive

Water Everywhere

This man—who wants to remain anonymous—is a tough Spitfire pilot who has been twice wounded in combat and three times shot down. There is nothing whimsical about him.

The Medical Officer at the fighter station (this dream has become rather famous there) told me: "That lad was half-way into heaven . . . and I'm not joking. That is the explanation of his 'dream.'"

The pilot, an Australian sergeant who was a bank cashier before the war, was returning to Great Britain with other members of his squadron. They were nearing the East Coast flying just over the tops of the waves at nearly 300 miles an hour.

Suddenly the sergeant felt he was floating gently down. A long, green valley lay around him and he was level with the grass, gradually getting lower and lower into the lush green grass.

The feeling was extraordinarily restful. The sergeant felt that he just wanted to relax and drift down for ever.

That was the start of the dream.

As it went peacefully on he came to realise that something had changed. The atmosphere seemed glassy and light came through with a glint to it, wavily. This, too, seemed very beautiful and restful.

Then he could hear distant music and feel a gentle swaying. "This," he thought absently, "is an entirely different sort of life. Why have I never known about this before? It is too lovely for words to express. . . ."

He tried to think where he was, and what he was doing in the greenly lit cavern, gently rocking to and fro. The matter did not worry him. Whatever he had been doing, whatever his life had been, he knew that he no longer belonged to such things.

The urge was to let go and drift for ever.

But a terrible nightmare feeling suddenly took possession of him. It woke him with a burst of panic. The dream exploded into a thousand fragments.

The sergeant woke to find himself seated in his Spitfire.

Water pressed on him on all sides. Instinctively he had been holding his mouth and nose screwed tight against it. Another split second *and he realised that he was upside-down*, still strapped to his seat.

In a frenzy he tore himself loose and groped round to throw off the hood. He realised then that the machine was resting at the bottom of the sea, for he could feel sand.

The sergeant's mind, free now of the nightmare ending, became crystal clear. He told me that he never doubted that he would get out of the Spitfire. How he got there was not bothering him then, although the question was at the back of his mind all the time he worked desperately to get himself free.

He found a hole and pulled himself through it. Half-way out of the overturned machine lying on the bottom of the ocean, he found that his oxygen tube and the lead of his telephone still held him fast.

Deliberately he hauled himself back inside the inverted cockpit, and, with his lungs now bursting for want of air, he tore the leads free.

Still Dreaming

The sergeant kicked himself out once more. But still he could not work free of the Spitfire. Despair began to grip him. The parachute was jammed inside the cockpit.

This time he could not face another struggle to get inside the Spitfire. With panic lending the strength of desperation to his limbs he braced his legs against the fuselage and pulled blindly against the drag.

For agonising seconds the chute held him fast. He thought his last moment had come. His lungs were bursting, his heart hammering wildly. The terrible urge to open his throat and suck water into his lungs had all but mastered his will when the chute gave and he felt himself shoot up through the water.

He reached the surface almost immediately and took a long, sweet breath. The sea was not deep. He found he was only just offshore. The rocking had been the run of the breakers over his head.

The sergeant's Mae West was only partially inflated, but it was buoyant enough to hold his head half in and half out of the water. With his laboured, heavy breathing he took in quite a quantity of sea water.

He still felt a curious detachment—the effects of the dream were still on him. It was so beautiful, he said, he did not want to leave it. He could see his fellows circling overhead. He did not care one way or the other whether he was picked up.

"It might have been the shock," he said, "or it might have been the dream, but I felt that I was perfectly all right where I was, and what happened to me was of no particular consequence.

"Some minutes—or hours—later I saw a man's face, like a moon, hanging over the gunnel of a row boat. He said I looked through him and made no effort to help them pull me out. The truth is, I wasn't interested in the fellow and his beastly boat—*at the time.*"

He was still living that dream of his, the doctor insisted. Half-way to heaven.

This is what actually happened to the Australian dreamer of dreams.

"Sam's Spit suddenly met an air disturbance," one of the squadron said. "It caught me, too, but I saw Sam get it first. He was ahead of me.

"Before he had a chance to correct it his wing tip hit the sea and the Spitfire turned over like a cartwheel."

The Trawler's Tale

A trawler, nearby, reported: "The Spitfire hit and turned completely over. It turned over a second time, raising a column of spray. Then it settled on the water upside down, skating like a skimming stone, and it gradually sank from view.

"When we picked the young fellow up he looked at me as if I was a Christmas tree or something."

The other Spitfires circled above the spot where the sergeant's aircraft sank. They could see it lying on the bed of the sea, upside down. It was about 40 ft. under water, but owing to the fact that it was upside down they could not see anything of the sergeant. He was under water for some time.

"Having his dream," says the doctor. "Half-way to heaven!"

The sergeant was back on duty after a week's leave and he has since put in several weeks' operational flying, none the worse for his dip—or his dream.

Really famous people. And they'd been lodgers in her house

And She Never

Short Story By Will Scott

PROBABLY you have not met Mrs. Wigginson, though there is, of course, a faint chance. If, on a 'bus or a tram, a woman next to you leant forward and peered into your face as if you might be Adolf Hitler, or Greta Garbo, or the greatest aspidistra in the world, then there is the possibility that you did meet Mrs. Wigginson.

Mrs. Wigginson's embarrassing little habit of looking at people as if they might be something extra special was not really as peculiar as it must have seemed. She was only trying to make sure next time, as many of us do about many things.

For Mrs. Wigginson, you see, had missed a chance or two, and a thing like that doesn't feel too nice.

Married to a nobody, with nobodies for neighbours, in a district where everybody was a nobody, Mrs Wigginson felt she had a legitimate grievance.

"Walter," she used to say to her husband, "you're just a nobody."

And he used to say: "I'm very sorry."

That sort of man!

"What have I done to deserve you?" Mrs. Wigginson would want to know. "What have I done to deserve *it*?"

"It" being the fact that, for all her humdrum background, she really had known more than one somebody, without realising it.

Known? Well . . met

Real somebodies. People in the big news. People everybody talked about.

And there she was, nobodies all round her, and saddled with a nonentity like Walter.

Looking back it was like kicking a pile of diamonds in the dust in a lane and never suspecting they were diamonds.

But how was a woman to know?

When people come and take your first floor front or your second floor back, move in and move out, and say no more really than that it's warm for the time of the year, or that the bacon's cold this morning, how *are* you to know?

Anyway, that's what happened.

Hundreds of people, during the years she and her husband ran eighty-nine, came and took the first floor front or the second floor back, moved in and moved out, and had no more to say really than a word or two about the weather or a nasty word or two about the bacon.

The Whispery Woman, when she came, was no more to Mrs. Wigginson than number ninety-nine or so on the list of comers-and-goers. A little less interesting to listen to in the matter of bacon than most of them, but that was all.

The Man Without a Haircut was remarkable only that he never had anything to say, even about the bacon.

And she only really noticed the Man with the Nose because a smell of beer always came in with him, so that he was more of a nuisance than most. She was firm about him, and three days saw him out and on his way.

But at the time they were no more than lodgers. Two days after they'd gone she'd forgotten their names. How could they be more than nobodies out of the hundreds of lodgers who came and went?

But the very annoying thing was that they *were*.

The Whispery Woman, when chance came her way some eighteen months later, turned out to be one of the greatest novelists in the land.

In three years the Man Without a Haircut had had a haircut at last and was leading an enormous political Party.

And the Man with the Nose was very soon setting the whole world rocking every time his shadow appeared on the screen.

In fact, before very long you couldn't pass a week without seeing the picture of one or other of them in the papers.

Really famous people. And they'd been lodgers in her house. And about all she'd ever said to them was "Warmer this morning, I think."

Now, whoever you may be, provided you're not anybody much, you like to notice as well as be noticed by the great of this earth. Mrs. Wigginson, when the chance was gone, wished she had been able to call the great novelist "My dear" and the great comedian "Sam."

SHE wished she had played her cards so that one day she should appear in their memoirs as "My dear old friend, Mrs. Wigginson, with whom I spent so many happy hours in the days when I was first struggling for fame."

She had even ideas of memoirs for herself. Shadowy memories came back from old magazines of her childhood days. "Personal recollections of Charles Dickens." "Robert Louis Stevenson as I knew him."

Only the chance was gone. She had no personal recollections of her famous people.

She hadn't known them. They'd only been lodgers.

So for close on a year she wanted to weep, and for nearly another year she sulked. And then she started peering into people's faces in 'buses and trams and wondering if *they* were great comedians or politicians to-be and, if so, how she could lure them into her first floor front or second floor back and be really nice to them about the bacon.

BUT the chance was gone. The first strange rush over, it looked as if she was doomed to be the "Dear old friend" of nothing but nobodies for the rest of her days.

She had some cards printed, with "Patronised by" followed by the names of her famous three and an artful "and others" down in the corner, and with these she pretty well stuffed the pockets of her feeble Walter.

"You never know who you'll meet," she said. "If I could know a few somebodies well enough to get them all in a book, what with that and coming out weekly in the newspapers first I ought to pick up a tidy bit. Anyway, see what you can find on your travels."

For there were times when Walter had to take his feet off the fender and go from one end of the country to another. Times when the first floor front and the second floor back and all the rest of the depressing little rooms were empty. Times when Walter had to *work*.

But wherever he went, showering his cards like snowflakes, it never came to anything. The procession to and from eighty-nine was a dismal procession of clerks and radio engineers and shorthand typists.

"Nobodies," Mrs. Wigginson would complain. "And when I did have real somebodies under my roof I never knew."

"Well, how are you going to tell 'em?" said Walter.

"That," said Mrs. Wigginson, "is the snag."

And so, fit to break your heart, the years went by.

There was nothing remarkable about the thin man to look at. He was just a thin man with nothing to say He didn't even complain about the bacon. He just took the second floor back and sighed a lot.

Mrs. Wigginson put him down as a clerk or a radio engineer and very nearly forgot about him.

But one day, when the thin man had been there less than a week, she amazed Walter by saying:

"I believe we've got another!"

But it was, as she went on to explain, another of a very different kind.

"Perhaps," she said, "it's that fellow who swindled the woman out of fifty thousand pounds the other week. The man they never caught."

"Good lord!" said Walter.

"If it *is*," said Mrs. Wigginson, thinking back to her unwritten memoirs, "he ought to be good for a whole chapter."

"Oh!" said Walter.

"I *hope* it is," said Mrs. Wigginson.

"But what makes you think——"

Mrs. Wigginson told him.

"I believe he's been looking through my room!"

Walter was quite startled.

"Just little things out of place. Nothing you'd notice if you weren't sure. But I know somebody's been poking about, and I'll swear it's not the others."

"Look here——," began Walter; but his wife shut him up.

"No going for the police yet," she said. "You keep in your corner and do as I tell you. If he's what I think he is, I'm going to get to know him first. I'm not going to let him slip through my fingers as I did the others."

A dreamy look came into her eyes and she looked far away beyond Walter.

"'I Knew Them All, by London's Most Famous Landlady,'" she murmured.

"What!" gasped Walter.

"I was thinking of a good title," said Mrs. Wigginson.

She got up and walked to the window, still with the dreamy look in her eyes. Then suddenly the dreamy look vanished.

"Walter! Come here, quick!"

Walter joined her at the window.

"That man over there."

Walter looked.

On the opposite pavement was a man in a brown suit, lighting a pipe. He was

HUMAN MACHINE

Optimism Can Be Cultivated

● We hear a great deal nowadays about "post-war planning." Well, to plan is always good.

"We must make a plan," was the invariable remark of one of the late John Buchan's characters, whenever he and his companions found themselves up against things. And a very sound remark it was.

There is never anything to be gained by an aimless plunging here and there in the hope that the right way to behave will suddenly appear as if by magic.

Therefore, it's time we all began to do a little individual post-war planning.

One day, and with a suddenness that will take a good many people by surprise, the war will end. On that day we shall all have to begin to think differently; act differently; we must make a plan—otherwise we're going to be caught napping.

What are we going to do in the days that will follow the war? What do we want to do? What do we intend to do?

These are all questions that only the individual can answer, but the lesson is the same for all. Now is the time to plan.

Let us get a few things firmly fixed in our minds. We are not the victims of circumstances. We are the rulers of circumstances. We can, if we really wish and have the necessary will-power and determination, mould the world to our desires.

The old saying that "God helps those who help themselves" has a lot of sense in it.

We can cultivate optimism. We can cultivate self-reliance. We can believe the best of people instead of the worst. We can hope instead of despairing. We can shoulder responsibility instead of dodging it.

We can ignore minor discomforts, petty mishaps, little irrelevancies and idle regrets, and we can look forward and upward.

Simple? Don't you believe it!

If you do all this you'll have done some of the hardest work you ever did in your life. But you'll have done something worth while.

Knew

particular kind of man. Just a man. Walter couldn't see anything in him to get excited about.

"Don't notice anything particular," he said.

"But he was there this morning, lighting a pipe! And he was there yesterday, lighting a pipe!"

There was a sound on the staircase.

"What's the other one up to?" she whispered.

She went out and leant over the rails and saw the thin man quietly making his way downstairs. She leant farther over, resolved not to miss a thing. And she forgot how very old eighty-nine was. The rails had stood a lot for a very long time. They could stand no more now. They cracked and gave way and down they went. And down went Mrs. Wigginson with them.

And when Walter reached the floor below he saw that all he could do was to go for the doctor. And he had a quiet little feeling inside him that even that wasn't going to be much use.

It wasn't.

The doctor even refused to have her moved to the hospital.

As for Mrs. Wigginson herself, the one great drama of her life was on her mind to the end.

"I shall never know now," she said.

Walter patted her hand.

"I shall never write it," she said.

After which she never said another thing.

Three days later they buried her in the big cemetery a mile away.

And that was that.

HALF a minute, though.

On the day after the funeral the thin man went to his window and looked out. And the man in brown on the opposite pavement looked up and saw him and crossed the street and came in. And drama visited eighty-nine for the last time.

Do you remember the Filling Station Murder, seven or eight years ago, somewhere up in the north? And the Cornish Bungalow Murder, five years ago? And what was known as the Teashop Poison Case?

Unsolved they called them, for years. Well, that was it. All three of them. Solved at last.

Poor Mrs. Wigginson. Never to have known. But lucky, too.

Her meek little husband, her nobody of a Walter, discovered, like many another genius, late in his day, and taken away in handcuffs.

And getting half of the front page of every newspaper in the land all to himself.

And crowds and crowds and crowds round eighty-nine all day long, looking up at it and staring.

And she never knew.

Deeds Come Home

GOOD things come home to roost, and so do things that are bad. Glad things have homing wings, and so do things that are sad. Hope finds its golden bough midst falling shade, and love knows its cosy nest which it has made.

Hate when it once sets out in due course will return, all things come back at last, this we must learn. Laughter comes singing in to its own heart, all joys seek and find, the place from which they start.

THUS we should realise that all that we do, will come back home again, through skies grey or blue. Long though the journey be, and forgotten its start, all deeds come home to roost in their own heart.

J. M.

Meet the "Lubbers" and "Dabblers" in an Auction Room

I WANT you to meet the worst of all the profiteers who ever soiled their hands and fattened their purses in the black market.

They are known in the furniture trade in which they operate as "lubbers" and "dabblers."

How to describe them?

You know how second-hand furniture prices have risen to heights at which thousands of decent young couples can't afford to marry?

Well, the scandal lies at the door of these "lubbers" and "dabblers" and the Board of Trade that has so long tolerated them.

Most of them are newcomers to the trade—attracted into it because of the ease with which unscrupulous people can drain the last penny out of young men and women anxious to start a home.

Few of them pay income tax on their richly profitable deals.

And some of them warehouse their black market furniture in three, six, ten or more private houses—which they actually keep unoccupied at the time of the greatest housing shortage of the century.

Let me give you a picture of these "lubbers" and "dabblers" at work in a furniture auction room.

It will be a composite picture—based on several of the many furniture auctions I have visited in various parts.

But I feel sure that the North Midland Regional Price Regulation Committee, which is fighting these tricksters tooth and nail, would readily confirm that this picture I am going to present typifies the sinister saleroom practices which have stirred them to action.

Prices Soar

The auctioneer is on his rostrum and some scores of potential buyers look from him to the furniture he is offering and back again.

We'll take stock of these buyers.

There's the head of a large multiple furnishing company whose shops used to sell nothing but new furniture. Stern necessity has driven him out to buy second-hand goods.

There are the furniture buyers of eight big stores.

There are the owners of half a dozen one-shop furniture businesses, anxious to buy on their own account.

And there are a few dozen registered dealers anxious like the rest to buy as cheaply as they can, sell at the margin of profit allowed by the law, and—provided they can buy in sufficient quantities—make a living out of it.

Now all those people want to buy cheaply. You've only got to look at their catalogues, in which they've marked the maximum price they are prepared to pay for each lot, to know that.

Cheap buying means cheap selling when the profit margin is fixed by law—unless, of course, the law is defied.

And cheap selling means a healthy second-hand trade, which is all to their advantage.

But the bidding has begun. Watch it carefully.

The early bids pour in from the reputable traders I have described—until they fall out one by one as the maximum prices they are prepared to pay are passed and left behind.

Now new people come into the bidding. Some quite unknown to those decent traders who are beginning to wonder whether they'll be able to buy enough to pay expenses.

But others who certainly are known—as "lubbers" and "dabblers."

The prices soar to unheard of levels. Let me give you an example.

There was a piano, an old-fashioned piece. The trader I was with had marked down £20 as his absolutely maximum bid.

Had he bought it at that figure there's one thing only he could have done with it—put it into his shop window with the purchase price revealed on it and sell it at a price not exceeding £30.

It would be illegal for him to put it into auction again or sell it in any other way—because he is a registered dealer.

But the bidding rose to heights at which only "dabblers" could bid—and "dabblers" are not registered dealers.

No Income Tax Paid

Indeed their main pose, when buying, is as private people buying on their own behalf—when selling, as private people disposing of their own private possessions.

£50 was reached, £60—and the instrument was finally knocked down at £70.

What could happen to it now? Certainly no proud father is going to buy it for some musically ambitious child for £30.

One "dabbler" would put it with other goods into one of his mock households. Then one of those advertisements which so often begin "Ex-Serviceman, giving up home, offers the following furniture" would soon bring a sky-high price for it.

But many "dabblers" would choose to send it to a district where wages are very high. He might sell it there at a monstrous price.

Or he might have it auctioned again in a big-money town (which he can only do by pretending he is a private householder and not a dealer), raking in, in profit alone, an amount bigger than the total selling price should have been.

Or that piano might start to pass from one "dabbler" to another, its price rising with each change—so defeating the law, which says that, no matter how many intermediate transactions there may be, the price eventually paid for the article mustn't exceed the price first paid by more than 50 per cent.

There are scores of tricks or variations of tricks which these "dabblers" try. And all their trade is on a ready-money basis, which means that no income tax is paid.

Were they to pay income tax, their masquerade as private citizens would end at once, which would mean an end to their black market dealings.

Fat Commissions

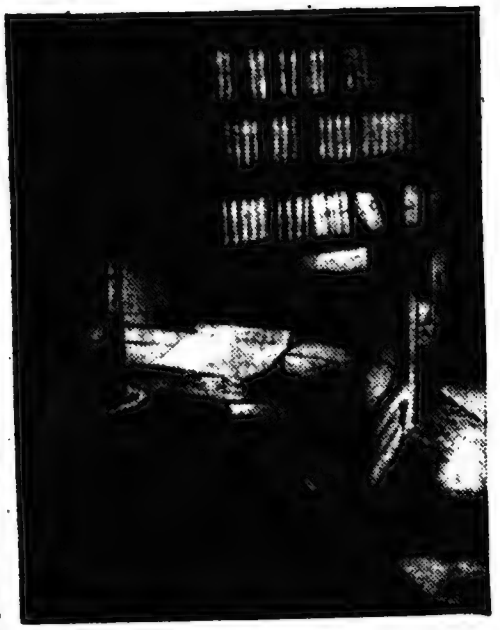
But let us return to our saleroom. The "lubber" is worth a few minutes' study.

There he is—well dressed, as is usually the case, and indulging in some of the hottest bidding.

Running up the price (always against the poor public) is, indeed, his special form of war work!

The "lubber" tours from saleroom to saleroom, sometimes travelling hundreds of miles in a week, approaching vendors and offering to "look after their interest for a small commission."

That commission depends, of course,



Very pleasant—for the few who can afford it

on how big is the price at which the lot is knocked down.

So you can be quite sure that the prices paid when the "lubber" is on the job usually reach fantastic heights.

Yet on the occasions when their knowledge of human nature fails them, and the man they are bidding against drops out suddenly and leaves them "holding the baby," they can usually manage to sell the article for an even more ridiculous price.

Everybody Suffers

The "dabblers" sometimes employ "lubbers"—when they are selling in the guise of private citizens.

They all know one another. Indeed they are all part of the nation-wide swindle that is holding young home-builders in particular up to the starkest ransom.

There is one way of stamping out this wicked exploitation, and the North Midland Regional Price Regulation Committee has got very near to the solution.

Mr. Craven Griffiths, secretary of this racket-busting organisation, has decreed that at auctions in his region buyers of furniture must sign an affidavit giving their name or the name of the firm for which they are acting.

Excellent. But. . . .

We would go beyond that. We would give auctioneers the right to demand the production of identity cards.

We would check up on these so-called private people who spend all their time buying furniture. If, a month or so later, they should be found to be no longer in possession of goods which they bought ostensibly for their own use, they should be compelled to clear up the mystery.

For scores of thousands of young people are paying their all for rubbish that will be valued in mere shillings when the war is over.

The blame has fallen, and will continue to fall until the Board of Trade takes off its faultless kid gloves, on honest, old-established members of a reputable trade.

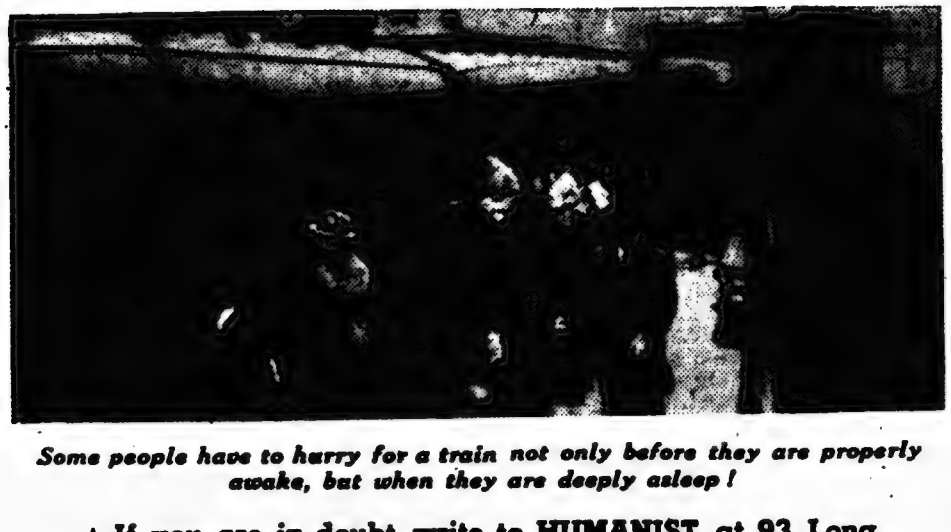
Everybody suffers — except the "lubbers" and "dabblers," for whom this is such a lovely war.

Mr. Hugh Dalton had better set about knocking the smile off their silly faces. And at once.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. D. J. Davies, Witham Road, London, S.E.20, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for useful information.

Letters are invited on matters worthy of inquiry or comment. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



Some people have to hurry for a train not only before they are properly awake, but when they are deeply asleep!

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

DO YOU CATCH TRAINS IN YOUR SLEEP?

A READER wants to know why it is that things which happen in dreams are so much more vivid than those of real life

"Catching a train in one's sleep," says the writer, "is a matter of life and death. And even when the dream is forgotten one wakes with a feeling of anxiety or terror far more than when one faces the actual facts.

"If dreams come from the unconscious part of the mind, why do we feel frightened, worried or confused instead of being filled with a feeling of happiness and freedom?

"People say dreaming is due to eating cheese for supper, but even if this is true why should we get into a panic instead of being treated to a glorious adventure? This last so seldom happens. Can you tell me the reason?"

The reason for the vividness of dreams is surely due to their emotional quality.

In life we repress or "bottle-up" the things which are disagreeable, and the more tightly they are bottled the stronger do they become.

Suppose a young man is exceedingly ambitious to win fame before he is forty. He meets with continual disappointment, and as the years go by he has a horrid sense of failure. It is a race against time. Will he "make it" or not?

In waking life he refuses to face the facts, but his anxiety comes to the surface in a dream He is in a train and has to make a connection at Crewe! Just outside the junction the train stops—crawls on a few yards—stops again—till he is frantic! It is the same race against time.

I'll guarantee that scores of other readers know this experience, and the meaning of the dream becomes clear. It is due to frustrated ambition. The man who is a success does not have this sort of dream at all.

The other question is answered already. We dream unpleasant things more often than pleasant ones because the unconscious is full of things we don't like to face. Hence the intensity of the dream when it escapes.

Now to return to an earlier subject. When I wrote about domestic service I got scores of letters from women readers who are (or have been) doing this kind of work. I set aside fifty of the best letters for a second reading.

Only four out of the fifty spoke a kind word for domestic work. The rest were letters of expostulation or indignation.

The happiest form of this work is in the large house where there is a staff of servants; the worst is the lonely worker in a small house in a genteel neighbourhood.

HERE are some of the letters received:

"Blame the middle-aged generation for the reluctance of girls to enter domestic service. I declare that if I had fifty daughters I would not let any of them do the work for some lazy drone while she sits pretty waiting for visitors.

"Any woman in decent health is capable of doing her own housework, and bosh to social position! I hope to see the day when only invalids and people who really need help will get it—not women whose hardest job is eating and dressing up.

"I had sixteen years of slavery, and always look back on my young days with a shudder. . . 'Let the lazy blighters do their own work.'"

That is the beginning of the letter. It gets stronger as it proceeds. And here is a passage from another:

"The taint of social inferiority is the crux of the whole problem, and I can speak from experience. I was educated at a private school, snobbish in many ways, but my father sent me into service.

"I had to work long hours for little money and had no freedom, but how my pride suffered! . .

"Later on I married a business man, but I confess that I don't disclose my previous occupation. You can't get away from the social stigma, which does not attach to girls in shops or offices"

One woman complains that girls in offices are always addressed as "Miss," whereas a servant is called by her Christian name. Several others think it delightful to be called by their Christian names! But I have been in houses where girls are addressed by their surnames only.

Finally, a letter on the other side:

"I am a very old reader of JOHN BULL and like to read 'Humanist.' But I don't agree that in the old days servants were nothing better than slaves. I was a maid in my young days, and never could anyone have had a kinder master and mistress.

"We had to obey orders, of course, but you have to do that wherever you go. We had no modern devices, only elbow-grease, and that doesn't hurt anybody.

"I am seventy-four and have had nine children. I lost my eldest in the last war and have two serving in this. My life has not been an easy one, but I can honestly say that some of the happiest days of my life were when I was a maid."

To-day the pathetic little maid-of-all-work who lived in a basement and slept in the attic should be forgotten with the boy chimneysweep and the infant working fourteen hours a day in a cotton mill.

Domestic work is every whit as honourable as work behind a counter or in an office; but when will mistresses behave as if they believed it?

Voice of the

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

SOME of the British prisoners-of-war in Italy who escaped and attempted to reach Switzerland had bad luck and were recaptured. Pte. H. N. Nowell, now in a German P.O.W. camp, tells the story in a letter to his relatives at Spink Lane, Northgate, Pontefract:

I am now in a German camp owing to a bit of the world's worst luck. When Italy packed up, "Jerry" was taking over all P.O.W., including ourselves. This change in "management" seemed to provide us with an opportunity, and three of us escaped, hoping to reach Switzerland.

It was exciting while it lasted, but after covering about 180 miles of the journey, our good luck gave out. We were within eight miles of the frontier when we were caught.

However, we can still raise a smile, and we must now remain patient until the end of this . . . war, which I feel in my bones is not far off. Don't do any worrying on my behalf, as I am in the "pink," and hope to be home with you soon.

GOOD WORD FOR ITALIANS

Troops serving in Italy have divided views about the Italians. Some have been critical, others, like Pte. George Barker, give a favourable decision. He writes to a friend at Greenside Lane, Droylsden, Manchester:

The people here in Italy that I have come in contact with are not too bad, and I have made some good friends among them, visiting them in their homes.

They offer us warm-hearted hospitality. Often they bring out wine, nuts, fruit and even a chicken now and again, for which they steadfastly refuse payment.

At their request I take them my laundry and all they ask for this service is a little soap.

In this place we may have been lucky, but these are among the best people I have met for a very long time.

HAPPY LANDINGS

There is front line stuff in a letter of Gnr. W. B. Haggerty, A/T Regt., R.A., to relatives at Halfway Street, Sidcup, Kent:

Since we have been up here I have not seen many enemy 'planes in the sky, but there are plenty on the ground, that will never rise again.

Two nights ago, "Jerry" did come over, and he had the impudence to drop paratroops slap-bang into our camp, of all places!

The alarm was soon raised, and we cleaned up these visitors so quickly that they had no time to do any damage. Good fun while it lasted, and our "Old Man" was pleased with us, congratulating the lads on a swift bit of work.

A pat on the back like that, and we are as pleased as a girl with a new hat for Easter!

Tommy Trinder cheered up the lads in hospital

Sixteen-year-old Apprentice H. Robinson, Merchant Navy, who had both arms fractured in the "course of his duties," celebrated his birthday in a Middle East hospital where he met Tommy Trinder. He writes to his parents at Benwell Dene Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne:

My birthday yesterday was a red-letter day. The Sister and nurses sent me greeting cards, and arranged a tea party in the ward for all of us. The cook made a big cake with cream and chocolate in it. A good time was had by all, especially me.

To crown it all, Tommy Trinder, the film, variety and radio star, visited the hospital that afternoon, and soon we were chatting like old friends.

He wished me many happy returns, and before saying good-bye, he pulled out a £1 note, autographed it, and handed it to me as a birthday present—not bad, eh?

I am quite well, merry and bright, and comfortable.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● In Stalingrad they have built 10,000 houses and flats in a year. At Hull it has taken two and a half years to REPAIR three blocks of council houses (roughly, two dozen) damaged in the *blitz*. What is wrong with us?—"Housewife," Preston Road, Hull.

* * *

No wonder supplies of goods in the shops are short! My daughter is employed at a multiple store, and the staff are allowed to buy what they want for themselves, relatives and friends before ordinary housewives get a chance to buy.—"Housewife," Leeds.

* * *

Manchester Watch Committee passed a by-law making it an offence for wireless sets to be played at high volume to the annoyance of others. Will other councils please copy?—Mrs. W. Andrews, London, N.W.6.

* * *

A Greenock girl explained to the National Service Officer that she was looking after her aged father and mother. "Tut, tut! that will never do," said the officer and directed that she act as part-time assistant to the housekeeper of a single man! Daft, I call it!—"A. B. M.," Edinburgh.

Troops

SPIRIT OF WATERLOO

After a brief allusion to wedding ells, Pte. C. Evans, C.M.F., tells of "bit" of patrol work, in a letter to is brother who is serving in the rkneys:

orry I shall not be able to get leave the wedding, but that is the worst these — wars, they do interfere social life. However, I hope that body will kiss the bride for me!

..Last week I had the most thrill- night of my life. Seven of us were lled to go on a night patrol, to pick what information we could about enemy. So we put on our new canvas , which are the correct wear for type of work; blacked our hands faces (surprising how clean hands faces show up in the night) and set armed with entrenching tool ndles—firing attracts too much notice these expeditions.

he first hour of our journey was easy ng, but soon afterwards we heard a erry" patrol making towards our s, evidently on the same quest as own.

ur patrol commander detailed three n to go to the left, three more in- ding myself to the right, while he and ther man crept forward in the ture.

ell, the distance we crawled forward ards "Jerry" was about 30 yards or but it seemed like miles and miles. I could feel the sweat running down chest.

e had closed to within a few yards Jerry," when the patrol commander ed: "Up and at 'em!" We did, and h our entrenching tool handles we cked four of the enemy stone cold, the other two in the party packed when our commander covered them h a revolver.

wo of the injured recovered quickly n our unexpected onslaught, so we ered these with the other two un- ured ones to carry their unconscious back to our lines. The injured were n taken to the M.I. room for treat- nt, while the other four went to the elligence Officer for interrogation.

hen we went to bed, and in the rning we had a word of praise for night's good work.

COOL CUSTOMER

Rescue of a nonchalant airman ho came down rather suddenly is entioned by L/Cpl. J. Weston, .A.S.C., C.M.F., in a letter to his other at Mill House, Spratton, orthants:

here was obviously something wrong h the 'plane we saw weaving about low over the sea near the coast. It a short distance away when it denly hit the sea, travelling at great ed. There was a loud crash, a foun- n of water flew up into the air . . . then silence.

e chased along the coast expecting ind that the worst had happened, but e relieved to find the 'plane sitting fortably near the water's edge.

s we approached, the cockpit roof open and the pilot, a youngster ut 6 ft. tall, stood up, gave us a dinky ite and said: "Good afternoon, tlemen!" as casually as if he had dropped in for a cup of tea and ip

e waited nonchalantly while we scued" him, and came ashore as nly as if he had just stepped off a in the High Street. A cool customer a fine bloke!

Unite or Perish!

Says Hannen Swaffer

GRAVE warnings about the chaos in international affairs are now heard in quarters which, until quite recently, were almost complacent.

It cannot be a month ago that I read, in the Rothermere Press, a remark, attributed to Lloyd George—and it was quoted with obvious approval—that not for several generations had the Tories thrown up a leader so promising as Anthony Eden!

Yet another newspaper in the same group dismissed him last week as an "amiable hero" and declared: "*If Mr. Eden cannot see his way to speaking out clearly for Britain, the country and the Commons may demand that he gives way to a man who will.*"

The day before, the *Times* had demanded, in a long leading article, that "Great Britain would be only fulfilling her responsibilities and at the same time serving her own surest interests if by her declarations and her actions she firmly pointed the way towards a sane, ordered and united Europe."

Childish Trust

As it was, the *Times* feared Europe was placing national ambition and self-assertion before recuperation and reconstruction.

"If so," it said grimly, "it is not too much to say that Europe and the world may expect another Hitler."

Three months ago the House of Commons cheered with what now seems to have been childish trust Eden's glib assurances that, at last, all was well in the field of diplomacy.

Moscow, Cairo and Teheran, it was led to believe, had settled everything.

"When I came back from Moscow," said Eden on December 14, "I ventured to give the House a message that I was confident that the foundation had been laid for enduring collaboration between this country, the United States and the Soviet Union. . . ."

Foundations had been laid, he was confident, for "continued co-operation not only during the war, not only in re-shaping Europe when the Armistice comes, but also thereafter in maintaining in the world an orderly progress and continuing peace."

Then—only, three months later—the three Allies had drifted so far apart that their foreign policies were pulling three different ways.

"Enduring collaboration" had, in those few weeks, become three different foreign policies!

King Peter's Wedding

In Italy, for instance, Britain and America were backing Badoglio and his futile kinglet, Victor Emmanuel, because they were a "stable government," and despite the fact that they had both backed Fascism for twenty years. Although this caused protests from anti-Fascists almost everywhere, Russia, without telling either London or Washington, went further and acknowledged the Badoglio outfit!

"Stalin is a realist," we are told. But surely realism need not go to the length, after agreeing on united action, of going off on your own.

As it closely followed Stalin's refusal to reopen discussion over the Curzon Line with the Poles in London, this action on Moscow's part had a bad effect in the United States, where anti-Russian newspapers yelled that it was further evidence that Stalin was playing a lone hand, regarding himself master of Europe, and that Teheran was only "window dressing."

That, indeed, is one of the perils that confront the "United Nations"—the fear of "Communism" in the minds of Big Business and its spokesmen.

Then Roosevelt announced from Washington that one-third of the Italian warships were to be handed over to Russia—without telling Whitehall what he was going to do!

What must be faced is the fact that, for all we know, the war might collapse any week.

The Russian victories, far greater than the British public understand, menace the Balkans as continuous mass-bombing of Germany goes on.

Yes, although it is conceivable that months will elapse before Germany collapses, on the other hand "anything can happen."

We must be prepared for peace; and yet so calamitously has our foreign policy failed that sudden peace, indeed, might be worse than a continuance of the war!

If now, when we seem to have a united battle strategy, we have disunity in the diplomatic field, if while all the armies advance, diplomacy moves backwards—well, the greatest grounds for hope seem dissipated by events that cause the gloomiest pessimism.

Nor was the situation helped by King Peter's wedding in London. While Churchill had not only backed—months late, though it seemed—Tito and his guerillas, a marriage which Tito's partisans had opposed took place in the British capital attended by all the crowned heads in this country, and because of the "kindly intervention" of our Foreign Office, which made the marriage possible

After trying to explain away our tight-rope walking over Yugoslavia—"Are we pro-Peter or pro-Tito?" had for weeks been asked—our official chiefs took part in a ceremony which will increase Moscow's fears that, despite our New World pledges, we are merely supporting a *status quo* in the Balkans.

My own doubts are increased by new squabbles about the Yugoslav money that is abroad.

This, controlled by the discredited government in Cairo, has been allowing £2,000 a month to King Peter, £1,500 a month to his mother, and £1,200 a month to Prince Paul—yes, the Prince Paul who gave Yugoslavia to Hitler and then, when the peasants revolted, ran away to Kenya. There, our high-hats *fêted* him!

Well, now Tito claims the money—and as whatever kingship is left in Yugoslavia will depend on him, he must have strange and disturbing thoughts about the London wedding.

But even these complications, puzzling though they seem, are nothing compared with the problems that will soon be confronting the Allies.

Poland's frontier, Peter's salary, Victor Emmanuel's crown—all these are trivial concessions compared with the thousand and one complexities that, when the guns cease to fire, will have to be faced in every country in Europe.

Dodging the Issue?

Frankly, they can only be decided after another great decision has been made. That is, answering the questions: "Is Britain in favour of making easier the birth of a newly enfranchised Europe? Is she merely backing up all the old kingships? Or, as seems most likely, is she merely dodging the issue, trying to play with all sides and hoping for the best?"

For years, in the days from 1931, Britain dillied and dallied. Then came the shame of Munich.

In the Battle of Britain she found her soul again. She was redeemed. As in the old days, she once again led the world.

But that was the people, not "the rulers."

Are we to lose, in victory, because of "old school tie" diplomacy, the Vision Splendid we saw when all seemed lost?

Mr. Eden cannot yet point to international unity

Rumours Grow Better Than Peas

I WISH the things in my garden grew as well as a rumour. I put in a seed and a couple of months later it seems to be a seed. But try planting a rumour and see what happens.

I don't think anybody's ever explained why it happens, and I doubt if anybody could. I'm sure I can't.

Say a bomb drops near Smith's. Smith tells Brown, and Brown tells Jones. By that time it is two bombs. Jones tells Robinson. Three bombs. And so on. By the time Wiggs tells Biggs it is a hundred bombs, and Smith and his family have been wiped out.

* * *

Did I ever tell you about Watty? Watty lived in a village in the West Country some time ago.

His wife gave him a bun one morning, and, being the fumble-fingered chap he was, he dropped it. And being the sort of wife even you'd become if you were married to a chap like Watty, Mrs. Watty told him off good and hard.

And Smith, next door, heard her. And told Brown. That Mrs. Watty had boxed Watty's ears.

And, of course, Brown told Jones. That Mrs. Watty had boxed Watty's ears for burning a cake.

* * *

And, of course, Jones told Robinson. That Mrs. Watty had given Watty a darned good hiding for burning all the cakes.

Well, Robinson couldn't alter the end of that. You can't burn more than *all* the cakes. So Robinson altered the beginning. It wasn't Watty at all. It was the Squire.

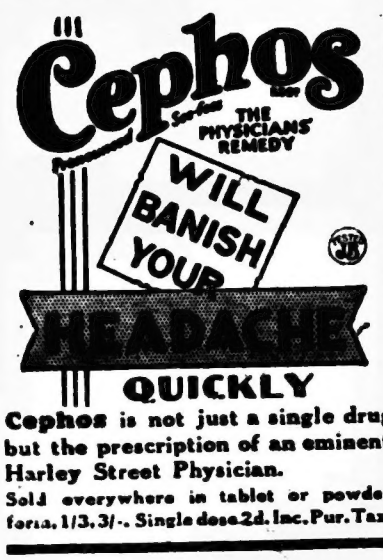
And by the time Wiggs had had a go at it, it wasn't even the Squire. It was the Prince.

Which gave Biggs his chance. It was the King. King Alfred.

You may never have heard this version of the famous story before, but it is the true version. I had it from the man next door, who knows.

And what's more, I don't think William the Conqueror did land in 1066. You know how these yarns get about.

A. G.

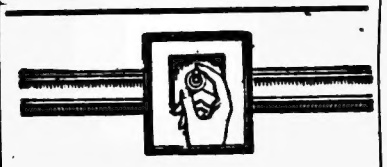

Cephos
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY
WILL BANISH YOUR
HEADACHE
QUICKLY
Cephos is not just a single drug but the prescription of an eminent Harley Street Physician.
Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form. 1/3, 3/-. Single dose 2d. Inc. Pur. Tax.

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE AFTER THE WAR

Small and medium-sized businesses in all branches of industry and trade must have every opportunity of contributing, by their enterprise and initiative, towards the nation's economic well-being after the war. They must be given full support in developing British trade at home or in overseas markets.

Changes due to war conditions call for a far-sighted policy concerning the financial aid they may need. This Bank, through its branch managers, will therefore be prepared to consider enquiries from promising undertakings, whether old or new, conducted under good management. It will base its consideration of each proposal as much upon the prospective borrower's integrity and business capacity as upon his material resources.

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED



On Active Service

Electricity provides the power for attack

DON'T LESSEN THAT POWER!
SAVE FUEL TODAY!

EDA

LAST LAUGH

E. B. (Dorking).—"A composer of music says he did some of his best work in a London room containing only a piano and piano-stool." Unfurnished Symphony in A Flat.

W. L. (Highgate).—"According to a Ministry of Health memorandum, dry rot in houses is greatly on the increase." One method is to switch off.

W. F. (Blantyre).—"The man who likes taking orders from another man is a nincompoop." Or a commercial traveller.

W. L. (Manchester). — "How many people could recite 'The Charge of the Light Brigade?'" Plenty. When calling at the electricity office to challenge the rendering of the man who reads the meter.

D M. (Bow).—"When I was acting as sparring partner for a famous boxer, I was once knocked out nine times in twenty-four hours." That must have been your day of daze?

T. M. (Hampshire).—"A letter sent to me from Scotland took seven weeks to arrive at my house." The wind must have been against it?

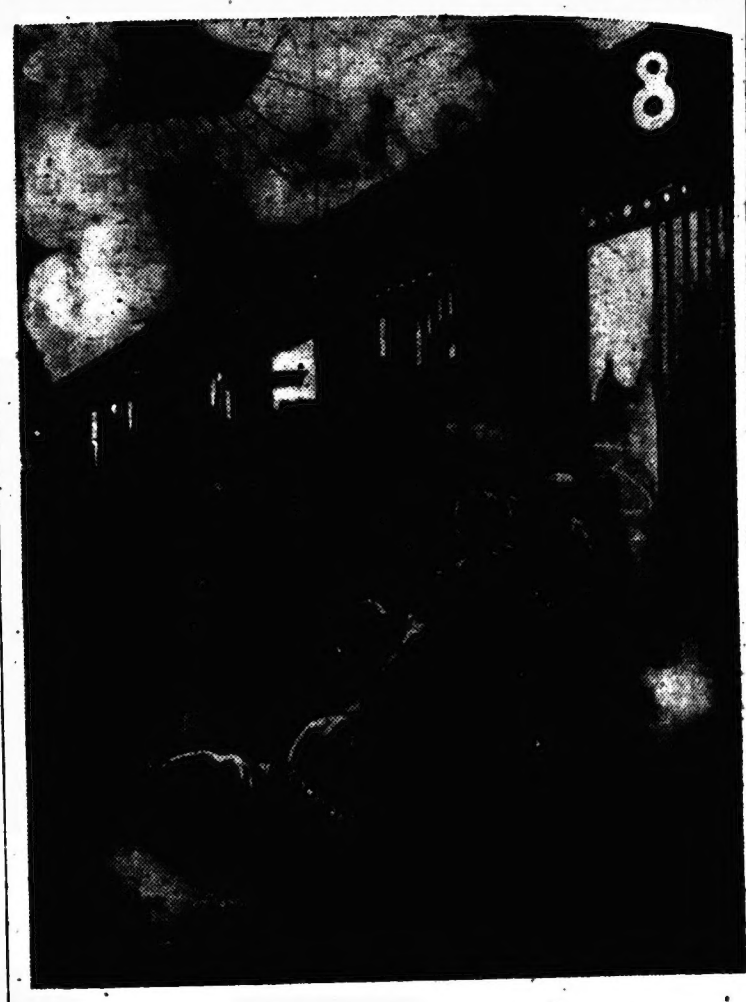
H. L. (Hitchin).—"Hitler is now offering as an excuse that Germany is so situated that even the compass is against him." All his efforts to go East have certainly gone West?

Mrs. G. (Colchester). — "My husband says he is going on a Home Guard exercise which will keep him away from home for the next two months." There are more honest ways of dodging Spring-cleaning, of course?

E. M. (Coventry).—"Who would like to live in Berlin these days?" Berliners, but they find it is about the most difficult thing to do.

F. M. (South East).—"German night bombers do not like fog or haze." They are apt, of course, to bomb a military object by mistake?

JOYCE (Ipswich). — "He proposed to me as we ploughed our way through a rain-soaked country lane." And did you say: "This is so sodden"?



OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"The train which was to have left platform 8 at 6.15 will now leave from the bay opposite platform 21—over the bridge"

Side-Slips

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL:—". . . and bus and tram routes leading to the ground were DELUDED. . . ."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—". . . the car's speedometer showed it had travelled 19,000 FILES."

NORTHERN DAILY MAIL:—". . . on the ground floor a DIVING-ROOM with a dining recess. . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

Master Large

● We couldn't believe our eyes when we opened a letter from Wisbech, Cambridgeshire.

The hideous facts stared out at us—that there was a married ex-Serviceman and his wife and family of four having to subsist on the grand total income of one guinea a week.

Out of which had to be found 10s. for rent and 3s. insurance.

We had the case investigated locally.

A priest was able to say from his own certain knowledge that the ex-airman in question, James George Large, of Bulls Lane, Wisbech, is a man of excellent character.

And from an independent investigator we got in cool, calm language—and, indeed, no flourishes are needed to describe such poverty as this—the story of the poor fellow's plight.

James Large received his discharge from the Royal Air Force in September last, after three and a half years' service, with epilepsy so bad that he is unable to work.

He has a claim to pension under consideration, and it will be pitiable indeed if he doesn't get it.

But in the meantime he, his wife and those four children of eleven, nine, six and one-and-a-half have to struggle along on a guinea a week.

We are giving immediate help in your name. Any subscription sent by you will be used to make life a little more livable for the Large family and others like it. All donations are pooled and allocated equitably among the deserving cases on our books.

Please send a donation to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44 64, Long Acre, W.C.2, marking your envelope "War Sufferers." We'll gladly send an acknowledgment if you give name and address, although we're just as grateful for anonymous donations. We are happy to shoulder all administrative costs ourselves.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

First Prize £200—"Bullets" 1,417
J. Pratt, 5, The Garland, Cliffes, York, for this "Bullet":
IN THE COAL-FIELDS SINK "DIFFERENCES"—RAISE "TOTALS" !.

£20: D. C. Lowe, 85, Avondale Rd., Liverpool.
For Posterity—Bang! Bang! Bless Up!

£10: Pte. S. Shires, 6012192, Somewhere-in-Britain.
Tragedy Of War—"Unrecognised" By Little Ones.

£5: G. Beaumont, 656, Bradford Rd., Huddersfield.
Hitler's Sunset—Despite Trumpter Goebbels' "Reveille."

£4: Mrs. I. Leigh, 9, Strathaird Ave., Walney Isle, Barrow-in-Furness.
In The Coal-fields—Miners "Hasty"—Government "Slow."

£3: W. T. Hunt, 118, Steynton Ave., Bexley.
Tickled The Farmer—Auntie's Smock, Not Smock!

£2: P. Hawkins, 38, Edendale Rd., Barnehurst.
Grandpa's Pipe—Other "Love" Never "Out."

£75 for 4 LETTERS NEXT PAGE

20s.: K. Barker, 38, Regent Rd., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester.
Hitler's Sunset—With Fujiyama In Background: Dogs of War—Tossing Up Civilisation's "Boots."

20s.: A. H. Todd, 65, Mill Lane, Reading.
Hitler's Sunset—Optimist Expects Every Morning!

20s.: H. A. Pretty, "Petworth," Peterborough Rd., Whittlesey.
Punch On The Nose—"Disaster" Already Punch On The Nose!

20s.: R. Eastbury, 8, Hamilton Bldgs., E.C.2.
Marmalade, The Rule—Thought Surgeon's Nose, Carrot!

A list of 25 winners of 10s. can be seen at these offices; 1,250 Merit Awards have been posted.

OVER 460 PRIZES
WON IN "LAUGH-LINES" 189

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the 4 KEY LETTERS in order H—A—B—D entered by following 4 competitors, who thus share £25: Mrs. B. Aldey, The Firs, Crumbeon, nr. Newport; T. Davies, "Alnaes," Rutherland Rd., Bilston, Staffs; H. Gamble, 118, Leeds Rd., Liversedge, Yorks; C. T. Page, "Plas Mee," Llanelian Rd., Old Colwyn, N. Wales.

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 24 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order above—and Runners-up Awards for 624 entrants with FIRST TWO.

CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE."

How to clean the lavatory

TO clean the lavatory thoroughly and effectively, simply sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible.

Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white!

Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough action removes all discoloration—effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes.

Harpic is easy to use—a real boon to the housewife.

HARPIC

YOUR IRON may save his life

Again and more iron 'scrap' is needed to build tanks with still thicker and tougher armour to protect the men inside them. Send still more iron for salvage! Give your IRON to save *their* lives.

Issued by the Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., who ask your indulgence in regard to any difficulty you may have in obtaining Iron 'JELLOIDS' *which, for the time being, are available only in limited quantities of the 1/4-doz. Price includes Purchase Tax.*

Then Came Macleans

and What a Relief!

If you suffer from INDIGESTION read this tribute to MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER.

Dear Sirs,—I contracted Gastric Trouble about four years ago. No one could have suffered more with the pains. . . . Then came Macleans. I began to take this, and what a relief. Now I feel fit as ever, thanks to your Powder. I wouldn't be without it.—P. D.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder quickly relieves Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea, and Stomach Pains due to Indigestion. Price 2/3 and 5/7½ (Inc. Tax). *Only genuine if signed "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."*

TRY THIS 10-MINUTE CONTEST!

ENTER "LAUGH LINES"!

ENTERING *Laugh-Lines* is good fun—it is also an easy way of winning a fat cheque in just a few spare minutes.

There's a snake in each line of the puzzle *Bullets* below and all you do is to denote your choice of the best four by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS as directed on your coupon. Thanks to Easter, you have an extra day to enter this week—but make sure your entry is in the post by not later than TUESDAY, April 11.

£100 PRIZES WILL BE GIVEN

£75 FIRST PRIZE 1st and 2nd RUNNERS-UP AWARDS value over £25

XWORDS Send 1d. stamp for Gazette containing Award Offer too—Gazette Dept., 1, Stapley Place, London, W.C.2.

A. When Someone Proposed—To Auntie, *Cupid* Swooned!
B. A Topper—Fitted Occasion, Not Father!
C. Getting A Bit Rusty—Warden's Whistle—Pea Sprouting!
D. Now Sonny's A Choir-boy—Pallets "Singing" Between Hymns.
E. Spoilt The Picture—Mirror—Clock—Auntie's Darts!
F. Wifey's Aim—Even "Wilder" Than Wifey.
H. Grandpa—"Tank". Crimean Army *Had!*
J. White As A Sheet—Blackmailer—Except One Eye!
K. Playing Second Fiddle—Hempeck—Looks Like Concertina.

GIVE KEY LETTERS of 4 BEST LAUGH LINES - ENTRY COLS. BELOW

1ST 2ND 3RD 4TH

FEE 2d per col. Is. FOR 6

HOW YOU CAN WIN £75

Carefully select the FOUR most humorous, apt and original "Bullets" from list. Then show your judgment of their order of merit by giving FOUR KEY LETTERS ONLY in column of this entry coupon. Additional columns for extra attempts if desired. Address entry as at foot of page—or enclose with "Bullets" entry.

I agree to Rules and enclose the correct P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated April 22.

SPECIAL EASTER

P.O. Value.... No..... CLOSING POSTMARK TUESDAY, APRIL 11.

Signed .....

Address 103

OVER 400 'LAUGH-LINES' PRIZES WON THIS WEEK—SEE RESULT ON PAGE 14

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Laugh-Lines First to entrant who in any one column submits, IN INK, the most meritorious placing of four most humorous, apt and original Bullets, as decided by Expert Committee of Bullets Judges. Ties divide and next in Bullets and Laugh-Lines shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 2.—To accept 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee entries P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets and 6d. per three Laugh-Lines columns used. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid; three Laugh-Lines columns FREE with each nine paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross also paid. Plain paper entries allowed in both Contests. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-mile if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests, published in JOHN BULL dated April 29, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

£100 CASH PLUS £25 RADIO

BULLETS DOUBLED 1st. RADIO and CAKES!

OTHER PRIZES £10-£5-£4 £3-£2 6 of 20/- 1000 CONSOLATION 25 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

THIS WAY to a "BULLETS" PRIZE

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. Winners on page 14 (and *Laugh-Lines* above) show you various ways to score. Joy Wire Day—Friday, April 21.

CONQUEROR HITLER
LESSON FOR BRITAIN
GRAND FINALE
THE WORLD'S AT WAR, YET
OUR ALLIES
HELP FOR THE SUFFERING
SWIFT AND SURE
THE RISK IS GREAT, BUT
FOR VERY GOOD REASONS
WHAT TOMMY GETS

EXTRA DAY TO WIN POST UP TO Tues., April 11

JUST AT THE MOMENT
THE MINERS
DAY OF DELIVERANCE
WITHOUT A FIGHT
DOWN TO BRASS TACKS
GOING TO PIECES
HOUSEWIFE'S DREAM
THOUGHTLESS PEOPLE
NOT THE LAST
TREAT FOR THE TAXPAYER

Six "Examples" below for competition with any odd additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Make "Bullets" from them as usual.

HER LATEST.....
WHAT HE'S ..... FOR
MAN AND HIS .....
ECONOMY IN.....
ASTONISHING.....
KNOWING THE.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, the remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated April 22. IF USED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....
No.....
Closing Postmark, Tuesday, APL. 11
1,421

Signed .....
Address .....

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" 1,421 —or "Laugh-Lines" 103, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

WINDOWS CLEAN IN A JIFFY!

I POUR SOME WINDOLENE ON TO A SOFT CLOTH...
SPREAD IT OVER THE WINDOW—IT FORMS A WHITE FILM...
LET IT DRY A MOMENT, GIVE A QUICK RUBBING— AND THE GLASS SPARKLES!

What—clean windows the old bucket-and-water way? Not us, say busy housewives everywhere. It's Windolene and no more fuss! rubbing for them. Windolene cleans in a jiffy—removes all grease and dirt, gives a rich, lasting gloss. It's just as good for mirrors and picture glass, too. From all grocers and ironmongers, 2/2 a bottle.

Windolene
CLEANS WINDOWS [illegible]

When you are constipated

. . . . don't worry. Remember the golden rule of health and take Beecham's Pills. This perfect laxative will ensure a regular gentle movement of the bowels and save you from the ills and ailments which are apt to follow continued constipation. Beecham's Pills are purely vegetable, therefore absolutely reliable. They are non habit-forming, therefore always effective. Get some Beecham's Pills today—and look after yourself!

Beecham's Pills
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

FOR GRIMY HANDS
GRE-SOLVENT
The original Paste Cleaner
A little goes a long way
COUPON FREE
FOR HOME CLEANING
ALSO POWDER IN 7d. DRUMS

CATARRH HEAD COLDS, 'FLU

Get Instant Relief With
REGD. TRADE MARK
NOSTROLINE
SCIENTIFIC
NASAL REMEDY
All Chemists 1/5, Including Tax

TAKE
PURITAN SALTS for RHEUMATISM

ANADIN IN WAR-TIME

Invaluable in times of peace, 'ANADIN' is now regarded as indispensable in many factories where 'Time off' must be reduced to the absolute minimum. This well-balanced and medically approved combination, in tablet form, is playing no small part in keeping workers free from colds, headaches and muscular aches and pains. 'ANADIN' can be relied upon to relieve pain swiftly and surely without affecting the heart or causing any depressing after-effects.

1/3 & 2/10 (inc. Tax)

ANADIN TABLETS
FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

How Milly Solves her Shoe Problem...

Milly's shoes are always smart
Always to her work she hikes it!
Milly's feet are never tired—
She simply walks because she likes it!
Milly's shoes—they last so long,
And keep their comfy feel;
For on each shoe of Milly's is
A Goodyear Sole and Heel!

Although Goodyear Soles and Heels, like so many things, aren't always obtainable just when you want them—it's so well worth while waiting for them. They not only make shoes last longer, but they help retain your shoes' good looks. Remember, ask your repairer to fit Goodyear!

GOODYEAR
SOLES & HEELS
For Men, Women and Children

Employers must do it!

From April 6th employers will be legally responsible for making "pay as you earn" tax deductions when paying wages and salaries to any workers receiving more than £2 a week.

What do I do...?

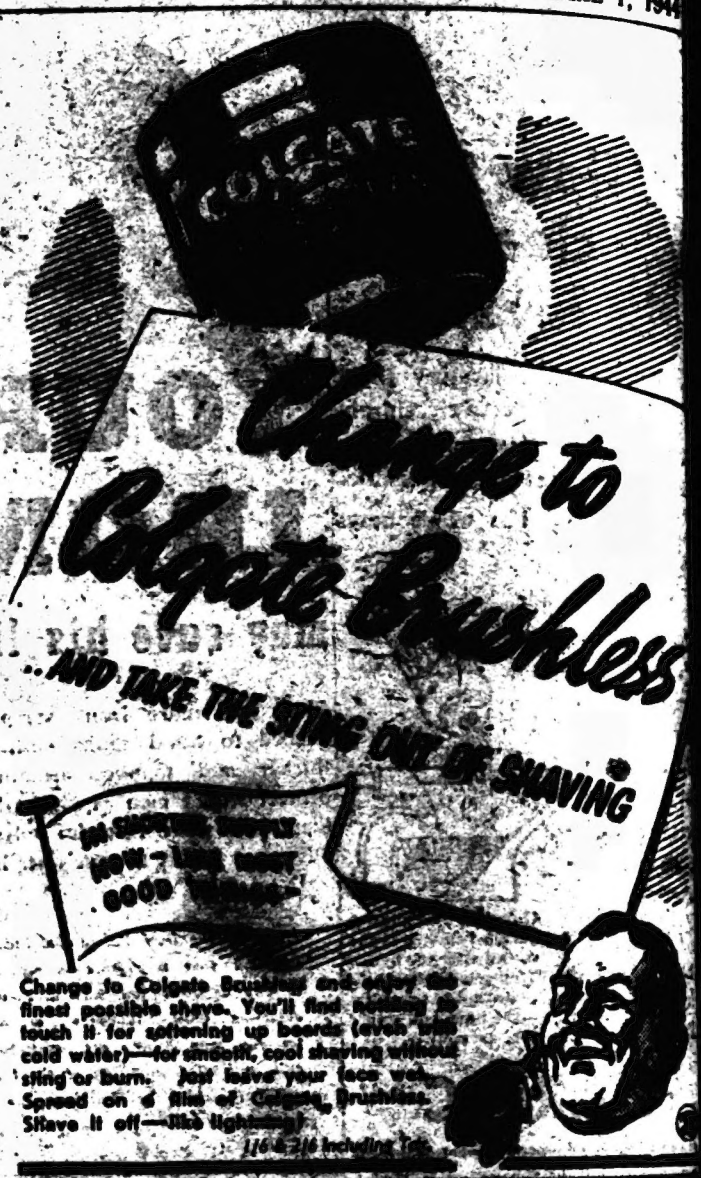
If I employ any staff at more than £2 a week, I inform the local Tax Office, if I have not already done so.

I remember this applies to personal and domestic staff, as well as to farm, factory, shop and office workers.

I make sure that I receive in due course a Tax Deduction Card and Tax Table for each employee so that I can make the correct deductions.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society


COLGATE
Change to Colgate Brushless
..AND TAKE THE STING OUT OF SHAVING
Change to Colgate Brushless and enjoy the finest possible shave. You'll find nothing to touch it for softening up beards (even with cold water)—for smooth, cool shaving without sting or burn. Just lather your face well. Spread on a film of Colgate Brushless. Shave it off—like lightning!
1/6 & 2/6 including Tax

This national figure is the symbol of all that is best in Tobacco manufacture —Player's Navy Cut.

When INDIGESTION Lays you low Rennies end it In half-a-mo'

Don't wait until indigestion's got you where it wants you—queasy, flatulent, doubled up with pain. Get busy with Rennies the moment you feel you're in for an attack and give it the shock of its life!

Rennies are tablets, individually wrapped, so you can carry them loose. All you have to do is pop a couple of pleasant-tasting Rennies into your mouth and suck them like sweets, one after the other.

The 15 important ingredients in Rennies neutralize excess acid in record time. It's goodbye and good riddance, then, to pain, heartburn, flatulence. You're ready to eat as heartily as a schoolboy.

...nnies from your ...e today—2s for ...c.). If Rennies ... your indiges- ...ich time you ... your doctor about it.

RENNIES

HAD PLAN for NEW LONDON READY WITHIN A WEEK!

WITHIN A FEW DAYS OF THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, Sir Christopher Wren PRESENTED THE KING WITH A PLAN FOR REBUILDING THE CITY. CONSTRUCTIVE INTERVIEWS, FRUSTRATED MEN, FINAL DECISIONS. IT WAS BUT HE WAS ALLOWED A FREE HAND IN DESIGNING ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AND A NUMBER OF CITY CHURCHES.

MOST OF THESE HAVE SINCE BEEN DESTROYED BY FIRE

CIGARETTES AND MATCHES ARE THE CHIEF CAUSE OF THE FIRES THAT DESTROY THE NATION'S PROPERTY AND TIMBER. A FIRE MAY START FROM A CIGARETTE OR MATCH THROWN AWAY CARELESSLY

FIGHTER BULLETS FOR THE HOME FRONT!

A FIRE IN A FACTORY MAKING [illegible] MEANS FEWER BULLETS FOR THE FIGHTING FRONT. THAT PRODUCTION MUST NOT BE HELD UP BY A STUPID AND PREVENTABLE OUTBREAK OF FIRE IS OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO THE NATION'S WAR EFFORT

YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL

Issued by the Fire Offices' Committee as part of a National Campaign supported by Government Departments concerned

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agents for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsmen's Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.